

From the United Service Magazine.

A MIDDLE WATCH OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

WE were rounding the Cape of Good Hope, on our homeward voyage from China, one rough stormy night—a fearful night—I was a young stirring youth then, yet that night is vividly impressed on my memory to this day. I happened to have the middle watch upon deck; while swinging in my cot, I heard the bell strike eight, and shortly after, the boatswain's call piped the watch—rigged in my pea-coat and tarpauling hat, I soon mounted the quarter-deck, read the log state, received the course, relieved the officer upon watch, and lit my cigar at the binnacle. We were spanking away under close-reefed maintopsail and foresail, at about eleven knots an hour, with the wind off the quarter; the night was black as ink—now and then a flash of lightning, and the swell running high, but our craft being light, went cleverly along—rolling and dipping like a duck over each successive wave, which lashed, roared, and burst under our quarters, while the surf it left in the ship's wake, shone as if with a thousand moons and stars, caused perhaps by the quantity of whale-spawn which at that time abounded, and which were brought into brilliant atmospheric light by the ship and the gale.

Near the middle of the watch, the breeze freshened, and I began to fear that we should be obliged to heave to, for she steered extremely wild; we had two sharp fellows at the wheel, but to be certain, I took the weather-wheel myself. A few minutes after, I soon discovered that the fault was not theirs—I could steer no better—every now and then, she gave a yaw in spite of me, and the helm was hard-up and hard-down, while occasionally she threatened to pitch us over the wheel.

I had just reinstated the former helmsman when the bell struck four, and a Swede, named Jackson, came aft to relieve the helm; he was the best steersman on board, and indeed, I may say, the best I ever saw. I at once indulged the hope that he might still be able to hold on our course.

"Now, Jackson," said I, "now, do your best, and if she steers with you, you shall have a hearty glass out of my case, when you come below."

"I'll have no grog, sir," said Jackson, taking hold of the wheel, "I wish it was all overboard."

Scarce half a minute elapsed, when, to my astonishment, he had brought the ship to a small helm, and instead of wearing, tearing, and foaming in all directions, aye, and shipping seas too, she went along with him as quietly and gently as a lamb, as smooth and dry as a duck in a mill-pond.

"Let go the helm," said he to the lad at the wheel, "I don't require you;" and with two spokes each way, he held her in the most complete control.

"O!" said I, "Jackson, if you don't require him, you can let him go forward."

"Not so, sir, if you please, it may save my

relief a jawing, and some of my messmates think the worse of me because I steer better than them!"

"Ah well! I understand, Jackson, nevertheless, let him go forward, and I'll give you a heave if required." Not that I felt unwilling to gratify his good feeling, but I longed for an opportunity to enjoy a private conversation with him. Allow me now to inform my reader, that Jackson was a man I liked, a perfect Swede; he was quiet, sober, mild, but obstinately firm; he had received a superior education. One of the mids told me, one day, that he asked him for the loan of a Virgil, which the mid had been reading upon deck, and read and translated a page of it with ease, and afterwards, often chalked out and explained to him some of the most difficult problems of Euclid upon the hencoops, during the moon-light watches, to the no small annoyance of the boatswain, who seemed to look upon the chalkings as some kind of black art, simply because he could not comprehend them.

From witnessing such intellectual pursuits from time to time, my friend, the mid's curiosity was roused; he tried every scheme to discover Jackson's history, but in vain, Jackson kept his own secret. The mid, however, told me, that he had some reason to suspect that Jackson had been an officer in the Swedish navy, and had to "cut" on account of a duel about a young lady, the object of his early affections, and was obliged to enter as a foremast man on board of an English man-of-war, trusting to the hopes of being able eventually to distinguish himself.

As soon as the helmsman had gone forward, "Jackson," said I, "how came you into that scrape last Saturday night—it was so unlike you?"

"Ah sir, I shall tell you the truth. I had my skull fractured not far from this spot."

"Land, ho!" was the cry forward by the lookout, off the lee bow. "Is it high," was my return. "Yes, Sir!" "Then all 's right," said I. "Steady she goes, Jackson."

"Is it the island of Trustin di Acunah?" said he.

"It is, Jackson."

"A sad place it has been to me, sir."

"But go on with your story, Jackson."

"Well, sir, on that island I had my skull fractured; ever since then, when I take more than a single glass of grog, I become raving mad—"

At this moment our captain came upon deck, and pacing the quarter-deck, looked wistfully at the land, for I had sent a midshipman to call him. This of course stopped Jackson's story, in which, I confess, I felt strangely and deeply interested. We passed the land within a few hundred yards, and although the moon had risen, we could discern nothing but the dark loom of a hill and peak. The island of *Trustin di Acunah* lies considerably to the south and west of the Cape, and seldom neared by ships on their homeward voyage; we had been driven down upon it by the united efforts of an easterly current, and a strong north-wester, both of which are well known to abound off the *Cape of Storms*, or the Cape of Good Hope. I wish

particularly to state these facts, in order to prevent a superstitious reader from supposing that this gale, together with another, hereafter to be described, were judgments upon the head of poor Jackson; in fact I have had some difficulty in reasoning myself out of this impression; in the course of life we meet with singular occurrences, which more or less haunt our after years. But to proceed. The captain soon went below; I stationed myself once more upon the weather side of the binnacle, lit another cigar, and told Jackson to go on with his yarn.

"I had, sir, as I told you, my skull fractured when cast away upon that rock," pointing his finger to the island of Trustin di Acunah. "Alas! I took two glasses of grog upon the Saturday night—the deceitful beverage drove me mad; I was forever disgraced, flogged at the gangway of a merchant-man. What a degradation to the son of a gentleman! I have been and served fourteen years in his majesty's service; I never dishonored that flag, I never felt debased till now."

"Pshaw! nonsense," said I, "an old man-of-war's-man down-hearted! sailors were never intended to be sentimentalists—leave broken hearts to milk-sops on the shore. Come, cheer up, and go on with your yarn; how were you cast away on the island of Trustin di Acunah?"

With a manly and interesting gaze, while slightly passing his handkerchief over his forehead, he said—

"When I was captain of the fore-top on board of his majesty's sloop of war, the Seahorse; we were then cruising between St. Helena and the island of Trustin di Acunah, for you must understand that during the war, a sloop of war ship's company was stationed near the island, in order to prevent the French from making a rendezvous of it, for the desirable end of cutting off our East Indiamen as they doubled the Cape. One day some of us were on shore with our first lieutenant, when returning from the fort, we passed the huts of four Dutchmen, who had been cast upon the island some years before, and having diligently cultivated a small spot of ground, refused to quit the island when taken possession of by the English. 'What,' inquired Lieut. T—, 'what is in the casks standing by the doors of these huts?' Two of our lads ran up, and canting one of them, cried that it was oil. 'Oil!' exclaimed the lieutenant, 'what can the old Dutch lubbers do with oil? manhandle them, my lads, they will bring you a hundred weight of tobacco at St. Helena!' At the word, four of us quickly bundled the two casks of oil into the pinnace, and in less than half an hour we had them stowed away in the hold of the Seahorse. I afterwards learned that this oil had been collected by these Dutchmen from the seals and sea-lions, which they captured on the island, and thus they bartered it, together with the skins of these animals, and potatoes of their own tilling, in exchange for eatables and clothing, with the South Seamen, who periodically touched there. On the day we landed, they were at a distant part of the island, in pursuit of the above animals, and consequently did not see us. The same evening we set sail for St. Helena, and after a fine passage of twelve days, we anchored safely in James Town Roads. While lying there, Lieut. T— had the casks landed, and sold them to old Solomon, the Jew; the Jew sent us off a hundred weight of tobacco, and new kids and platters for the mess,

from the proceeds of the oil. Lieut. T— was a fine fellow, the poor man's friend, beloved by the crew, as brave as Hector, and as good a seaman as ever cracked a biscuit! We were all pleased with the spoils, and after watering and taking on board some provisions for the garrison, we weighed anchor and set sail once more for the island of Trustin di Acunah. About three weeks after our starting, we came in sight of the island. It was then the beginning of June, the commencement of their winter, but the weather was clear and fair, with a fine south-westerly wind, which, to all appearance, promised to last for some time. As soon as a signal for a sail in sight was hoisted at the fort, the old man, whose oil we had taken, hastened to the shore and inquired the name of our ship—he was answered that it was his majesty's sloop the Seahorse. 'Thank God!' he exclaimed, 'my prayer has been heard, and I die happy.' He returned home, threw himself on his bed, and in less than half an hour, he was no more.

"Our vessel soon made the land, and cast anchor in the bay. The sails were scarcely bent, when the wind chopped round and freshened, a black cloud was seen rising in that quarter with great rapidity, the lower part of which was emitting, at short intervals, forked and columned lightning into the sea; so quickly did it rise, that in about ten minutes it covered half of the horizon, and at the same time the heavy swell running from the north-west greatly increased. With all haste we took two reefs in our topsails, slipped the chain, and endeavored to beat out of the bay, but every effort proved vain, for the squall soon burst upon us, so that we were obliged to lower our topsails, the swell at the same time beating us to leeward. After three or four tacks, we saw that every exertion to clear the headland would be fruitless, and we were compelled to come to, with one sheet anchor; when our chain was out, we were within a cable's length of the shore. In less than half an hour the gale increased to a hurricane, the sea rising in proportion—in no part of the world does it run higher—it has there the whole sweep of the Atlantic, open and unchecked from the Brazils, with deep water close to the island; the long heavy swells break in reality more like mountains than waves, and go by the name of 'rollers' during the winter season. Our ship could not long stand such a sea; she gave three dreadful plunges, the sea going right over her, and at each, we never expected that she could rise again; the carpenter was sent forward to cut the cable, for they could not unshackle it, and such was the strain upon the chain, that with one blow from his axe, it snapped asunder. We had just time to get the vessel before the wind, when a tremendous roller lifted and dashed her on a rock, her bow sticking fast within thirty yards of the beach; our foremast, mizenmast, and bowsprit went by the board, and the main topmast by the cap; at the stroke the decks were swept, bulwark, boats and spars washed away, and so far as I recollect, all hands, excepting twelve, who, with myself, were hanging on by the mainstay—the rest were hurried into the deep; when the wave retired, the wreck stuck fast, during the short awful interval before the second roller came. Among the cries of despair I heard a young nobleman, who was one of our midshipmen, cry out from the stay above me—'A thousand pounds to the man who will swim ashore with me!' While the words escaped his lips, another sea struck her,

drove in her stern, burst up her deck, tore her from the rock, and dashed her to atoms upon the beach, and when it rolled back its destructive waters, left a hundred and twenty mangled, lifeless bodies strewn among the surf upon the shore. It was at that time my skull was fractured. When I regained my senses, I found myself lying in the hut of the Dutchman from whom we had taken the oil, together with three others, all who had reached the shore alive, the Dutchman's dead body lying in a corner beside us."

Thus ended Jackson's narrative, without one single comment, but from the serious tone he preserved throughout, it was obvious that he believed the shipwreck to be a judgment from Him, who is the avenger of the poor, and who, though hand joins in hand, knows how to humble the oppressor. From the fact of the fracture of his skull, I could not for one moment doubt the truth of this narration.

From the United Service Magazine.

A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S ACCOUNT OF THE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION.

AFTER the disastrous retreat to Corunna, the Rifles were reduced to a sickly skeleton, if I may so term it. Out of perhaps nine hundred of as active and fine fellows as ever held a weapon in the field of an enemy's country, we paraded some three hundred weak and crest-fallen invalids.

I myself stood the third man in my own company, which was reduced from near a hundred men to but three. Indeed, I think we had scarce a company on parade stronger than ten or twelve men, at the first parade. After a few parades, however, our companies gradually were augmented, (by those of the sick who recovered,) but many of those who did not sink in hospital, were never more of much service as soldiers.

The captain of my company was sick, and Lieutenant Hill commanded the three men who answered for No. 4 on this occasion.

I remember he smiled when he looked at me. "Harris," he said, "you look the best man here, this morning. You seem to have got over this business well."

"Yes, sir," I said, "thank God I feel pretty stout again now, which is more than many can say."

Both battalions of the Rifles had been in that retreat. The first battalion lay at Colchester at this time. Ours, (the second,) was quartered at Hythe. Colonel Beckwith commanded the first, and Colonel Wade the second. I remember the forty-third and fifty-second regiments paraded with our battalion on this occasion at Hythe, and both having been with us on the Corunna retreat, cut as poor a figure as we ourselves did.

After a while, some of the strongest and smartest of our men were picked out to go on the recruiting service, and gather men from the militia regiments to fill up our ranks. I myself started off with Lieut. Pratt, Serjeant-Major Adams, and William Brotherwood,* the latter of whom was

afterwards killed at Vittoria by a cannon-ball, which at the same moment ended Patrick Mahon and Lieut. Hopwood.

I was a shoemaker in the corps, and had twenty pounds in my pocket which I had saved up. With this money I hired a gig, and the serjeant-major and myself cut a very smart figure. The only difficulty was, that neither of us knew how to drive very well, consequently we overturned the gig on the first day, before we got half-way on our journey, and the shafts being broken we were obliged to leave it behind us in a small village, midway Hythe and Rye, and take to our legs, as was more soldier-like and seemly. We reached Rye the first night, and I recollect that I succeeded in getting the first recruit there, a strong, able-bodied chimney-sweep, named John Lee. This fellow (whose appearance I was struck with as he sat in the taproom of the Red Lion on that night, together with a little boy as black and sooty as himself) offered to enlist the moment I entered the room, and I took him at his word, and immediately called for the serjeant-major for approval.

"There's nothing against my being a soldier," said the sweep, "but my black face; I'm strong, active, and healthy, and able to lick the best man in this room."

"Damn your black face," said the serjeant-major; "the Rifles can't be too dark: you're a strong rascal, and if you mean it, we'll take you to the doctor to-morrow and make a ginril of you the next day." So we had the sweep that night into a large tub of water, and scoured him outside, and filled him with punch inside, and made a rifleman of him.

The serjeant-major, however, on this night, suspected from his countenance, what afterwards turned out to be the case, that Lee was rather a slippery fellow, and might repent. So after filling him drunk, he said to me—"Harris, you have caught this bird, and you must keep him fast. You must both sleep to-night handcuffed together in the same bed, or he will escape us;" which I actually did, and the next morning retraced my steps with him to Hythe, to be passed by the doctor of our regiment.

After rejoining Serjeant-Major Adams at Rye, we started off for Hastings in Sussex, and on our way we heard of the East Kent militia at Lydd; so we stopped there about an hour to display ourselves before them, and try if we could coax a few of them into the Rifles. We strutted up and down before their ranks arm and arm, and made no small sensation amongst them. When on the recruiting service in those days, men were accustomed to make as gallant a show as they could, and accordingly we had both smartened ourselves up a trifle. The serjeant-major was quite a beau, in his way; he had a sling belt to his sword like a field officer, a tremendous green feather in his cap, a flaring sash, his whistle and powder-flask displayed, an officer's pelisse over one shoulder, and a double allowance of ribbons in his cap; whilst I myself was also as smart as I dared appear, with my rifle slung at my shoulder.

In this guise we made as much of ourselves as if we had both been generals, and, as I said, created quite a sensation, the militia-men cheering us as we passed up and down, till they were called to order by the officers.

The permission to volunteer was not then given to the East Kent, although it came out a few days afterwards, and we persuaded many men, during

* These three brave fellows were killed by a cannon-ball at Vittoria. As they were creeping from their cover to try and shoot one of the French generals who was much exposed, the enemy pointed a gun at them and succeeded in sweeping down all three as they crawled along. The shot was remarked as extraordinary; and well remembered.

the hour we figured before them, that the rifles were the only boys fit for *them* to join.

After looking up the East Kent, we reached Hastings that same night, where we found that the volunteering of the Leicester militia (who were quartered there) had commenced, and that one hundred and twenty-five men and two officers had given their names to the 7th Fusiliers, and these, Adams and I determined to make change their mind in our favor if we could.

The appearance of our rifle uniform, and a little of Serjeant Adams' blarney, so took the fancies of the volunteers, that we got every one of them for the rifle corps, and both officers † into the bargain. We worked hard in this business. I may say that for three days and nights we kept up the dance and the drunken riot. Every volunteer got ten guineas bounty, which, except the two kept back for necessities, they spent in every sort of excess, till all was gone. Then came the reaction. The drooping spirits, the grief at parting with old comrades, sweet-hearts, and wives, for the uncertain fate of war. And then came on the jeers of the old soldier; the laughter of Adams, and myself, and comrades, and our attempts to give a fillip to their spirits as we marched them off from the friends they were never to look upon again; and, as we termed it, "*shove them on to glory*"—a glory they were not long in achieving, as out of the hundred and fifty Leicestershire, which we enlisted in Hastings, scarce one man, I should say, who served, but could have shown at the year's end some token of the fields he had fought in; very many found a grave, and some returned to Hythe with the loss of their limbs.

I remember the story of many of these men's lives; one in particular named Demon, who, I myself enlisted from the Leicester militia, is not a little curious. Demon was a smart and very active man, and serving as corporal in the light company of the Leicestershire when I persuaded him to join our corps, where he was immediately made a serjeant in the 3d battalion, then just forming; and from which he eventually rose to be a commissioned officer in one of our line regiments, but whose number I cannot now remember. The cause which led to Demon's merits being first noticed was not a little curious, being neither more nor less than a race.

It happened that at Shoreham Cliff, (soon after he joined,) a race was got up among some Kentish men, who were noted for their swiftness, and one of them who had beaten his companions, challenged any soldier in the Rifles to run against him for two hundred pounds. The sum was large, and the

runner was of so much celebrity, that although we had some active young fellows amongst us, not one seemed inclined to take the chance, either officers or men, till at length Demon stepped forth and said he would run against this Kentish booster, or any man on the face of the earth, and fight him afterwards into the bargain, if any one could be found to make up the money. Upon this an officer subscribed the money, and the race was arranged.

The affair made quite a sensation, and the inhabitants of the different villages for miles around flocked to see the sport; besides which the men from different regiments in the neighborhood, infantry, cavalry, and artillery also were much interested, and managed to be present, which caused the scene to be a very gay one. In short, the race commenced, and the odds were much against the soldier at starting, as he was a much less man than the other, and did not at all look like the winner. He, however, kept well up with his antagonist, and the affair seemed likely to end in a dead heat, which would undoubtedly have been the case, but Demon, when close upon the winning-post, gave one tremendous spring forward, and won it by his body's length.

This race, in short, led on to notice and promotion. General Mackenzie was in command of the garrison at Hythe. He was present, and was highly delighted at the rifleman beating the bumpkin, and saw that the winner was the very cut of a soldier, and in short that Demon was a very smart fellow, so that eventually the news of the race reached the first battalion then fighting in Spain. Sir Andrew Barnard, as far as I recollect from hearsay, at the time, was in command of the Rifles in Spain at that moment; and, as I now remember the story, either he or some other officer of high rank, upon being told of the circumstance, remarked that, as Demon was such a smart runner in England, there was very good ground for a rifleman to use his legs on out there. He was accordingly ordered out with the next draft to that country, where he so much distinguished himself that he obtained his commission, as I have before mentioned.

I could give many more anecdotes connected with the recruiting at this time for the three battalions of rifles, but the above will suffice; and soon after the incident I have narrated above, (our companies being full of young and active men,) we started off with the expedition, then just formed, for Walcheren. I could not help feeling, when we paraded, that I stood enranked for this first expedition, comparatively amongst strangers, since, in the company I belonged to, not a single man, except James Brooks, whom I have before named, then paraded with me, who had been a fellow comrade in the fields of Portugal and Spain. I felt also the loss of my old captain, (Leech,) whom I much loved and respected, and who left the second battalion at that time to be promoted in the first. When I heard of this change, I stepped from the ranks and offered to exchange into the first, but Lieut. Hill, who was present, hinted to Captain Hart (my new commanding officer) not to let me go, as if he did he would perhaps repent it. I will not say here what the lieutenant then said of me, but he persuaded Captain Hart to keep me, as my character had been so good in the former campaign; and accordingly I remained in the second battalion, and started on the Walcheren expedition.

From Hythe to Deal was one day's march; and

*The history of Serjeant-Major Adams is somewhat singular. I was his great friend at this time, and he confided some part of it to me. He had been a crotchy, (a rebel,) and had fought at Vinegar Hill. When the rebels were defeated he escaped, and lived some time in the wilds of Conemara. He afterwards thought it best to enlist in the Donegal militia, and then volunteered to the Rifles. Here he soon rose (whilst in Spain) to the rank of serjeant. During the retreat to Corunna, Serjeant-Major Crosby failed, and Crawford promoted Adams in his place. At St. Sebastian he was noticed by General Graham for his bravery with the forlorn hope, and a commission was given him; and he afterwards joined a regiment in Gibraltar, where he was made adjutant. He then went to America, where he served with credit till death. I believe I was the only man in the regiment who knew of his having been a rebel, and I kept the secret faithfully till his death.

† The names of these two officers were Chapman and Freere, and I believe they are living now.

I remember looking along the road at the fine appearance the different regiments made as we marched along. It was as fine an expedition as ever I looked at, and the army seemed to stretch, as I regarded them, the whole distance before us to Dover.

At Deal, the Rifles embarked in the *Superb*, a 74, and a terrible outcry there was among the women upon the beach on the embarkation; for the ill consequences of having too many women amongst us had been so apparent in our former campaign and retreat, that the allowance of wives was considerably curtailed on this occasion, and the distraction of the poor creatures parting with their husbands was quite heart-rending; some of them clinging to the men so resolutely, that the officers were obliged to give orders to have them separated by force. In fact, even after we were in the boats and fairly pushed off, the screaming and howling of their farewells rang in our ears far out at sea.

The weather being fair, and the fleet having a grand and imposing appearance, many spectators (even from London) came to look at us as we lay in the Downs, and we set sail (I think on the third day from our embarkation) in three divisions.

A fair wind soon carried us off Flushing, where one part of the expedition disembarked; the other made for South Beveland, among which latter I myself was. The five companies of Rifles immediately occupied a very pretty village, with rows of trees on either side its principal street, where we had plenty of leisure to listen to the sound of the cannonading going on amongst the companies we had left at Flushing.

The appearance of the country (such as it was) was extremely pleasant, and for a few days the men enjoyed themselves much. But at the expiration of (I think) less time than a week, an awful visitation suddenly came upon us. The first I observed of it was one day as I sat in my billet, when I beheld whole parties of our riflemen in the street shaking with a sort of ague, to such a degree that they could hardly walk; strong and fine young men, who had been but a short time in the service, seemed suddenly reduced in strength to infants, unable to stand upright—so great a shaking had seized upon their whole bodies from head to heel. The company I belonged to was quartered in a barn, and I quickly perceived that hardly a man there had stomach for the bread that was served out to them, or even to taste their grog, although each man had an allowance of half-a-pint of gin per day. In fact, I should say, about three weeks from the day we landed, I and two other men were the only individuals who could stand upon our legs. They lay groaning in rows in the barn, amongst the heaps of lumpy black bread they were unable to eat.

This awful spectacle considerably alarmed the officers,* who were also many of them attacked. The naval doctors came on shore to assist the regimental surgeons, who, indeed, had more upon their hands than they could manage; Dr. Ridgeway, of the Rifles, and his assistant having nearly five hundred patients prostrate at the same moment. In short, except myself and three or four others, the whole concern was completely floored.

Under these circumstances, and which considerably confounded the doctors, orders were issued

(since all hopes of getting the men upon their legs seemed gone) to embark them as fast as possible, which was accordingly done with some little difficulty. The poor fellows made every effort to get on board. Those who were a trifle better than others crawled to the boats; many supported each other; and many were carried helpless as infants.

At Flushing matters were not much better, except that there the soldiers had a smart skirmish with their enemies before the fever and ague attacked them. On shipboard the aspect of affairs did not mend; the men beginning to die so fast that they committed ten or twelve to the deep in one day.

It was rather extraordinary that myself, and Brooks, and a man named Bowley, who had all three been at Corunna, were at this moment unattacked by the disease, and notwithstanding the awful appearance of the pest-ship we were in, I myself had little fear of the disease. I thought myself so hardened that it could not touch me. It happened, however, that I stood sentinel (men being scarce) over the hatchway, and Brooks, who was always a jolly and jeering companion (even in the very jaws of death) came past me, and offered me a lump of pudding, it being pudding-day on board. At that moment I felt struck with a deadly faintness, shook all over like an aspen, and my teeth chattered in my head, so that I could hardly hold my rifle.

Brooks looked at me a moment, with the pudding in his hand, which he saw I could not take. "Hallo," he said, "why Harris, old boy, you are not going to begin, are you?"

I felt unable to answer him, but only muttered out as I trembled, "For God's sake get me relieved, Brooks!"

"Damme," said Brooks, "it's all up with Harris! You're catched hold of at last, old chap."

In fact I was soon sprawling upon the fore-castle, amongst many others, in a miserable state, our heads upon our knapsacks, and our great coats over us. In this state the doctors, during our short voyage, were fully employed; pails of bark were carried amongst us and given to the men in horn tumblers, and thus we arrived at Dover.

As I lay on the deck, I looked up at that splendid castle in the distance. It was identified with old England, and many a languid eye was cheered by its sight. Men naturally love to die upon their native land, and I felt I could now do so contentedly! Nay, I have that frowning English fortress in my eye, at this moment, as I then beheld it. The Warwickshire militia were at that time quartered at Dover. They came to assist in disembarking us, and were obliged to lift many of us out of the boats like sacks of flour. If any of those militiamen remain alive, they will not easily forget that piece of duty; for I never beheld men more moved than they were at our helpless state. Many died at Dover and numbers in Deal; whilst those who had somewhat rallied on getting from the land of pestilence, were paraded in order to get them on to their old quarters at Hythe.

I remember that the 43d and 52d regiments (all that were able) marched with us this day to Hythe; but I am afraid we did not (any of us) cut much of a figure on the road. In fact, such was the shaking fever we felt that we were left pretty much to our own discretion to get to our journey's end in the best manner we could. Many, indeed, would never have got into barracks without assistance. In short, when I sat down exhausted by the

*Lord Chatham (as is well known) commanded this expedition, and Marshal Beresford had command of that part of it which occupied the island of South Beveland at this time.

road-side several times during the march, and looked at the men, I thought it bore in some degree a similitude to the Corunna retreat; so awfully had disease floored the strength of the whole turnout.

The hospital at Hythe being filled with the sick, the barracks became a hospital, and as deaths ensued, and thinned the wards, the men were continually removed, making a progress from barrack to hospital, and from hospital to the grave. The ward of the hospital, in which I myself was, accommodated eleven men, and I saw, from my bed in the corner where I lay, this ward refilled ten times, the former patients being all carried out to the grave. I had been gradually removed as the men died, until I was shoved up into a corner of the ward, where I lay and had plenty of leisure to observe my comrades in misfortune, and witness their end. Some I beheld die quietly, and others were seized in various ways. Many got out of bed in a shivering delirium, and died upon the floor in the night-time.

Having been a shoemaker in the Rifles, I had saved during my service near two hundred pounds, which I had in the bank at Hythe at this time, so that I was enabled to procure extra wine and other nourishing things, and often gave my companions in misfortune a treat also; and this I think enabled my iron constitution to keep death so long at bay.

I saw one or two of my old Peninsular comrades, and whom I had often seen fighting bravely in the field, die in this hospital in a miserable condition, their bodies being swollen up like barrels.

Everything was done for us that skill could devise, and nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of Dr. Ridgeway towards us. Hot baths were brought into the hospital, and many a man died whilst in the bath, and was taken out dead.

I remember hearing, as I lay sick, that the firing over the graves of our comrades was dispensed with, the men died so fast; and when I got out, and went to the churchyard to look upon the graves of my comrades, I saw them lying in two lines there. As they in life had been enranked, so they lay also ranked in death.

The medical men made every effort to try and trace the immediate cause of this mortality amongst us; and almost all the men were examined after death; but it was of no avail, as nothing could arrest the progress of the malady after it had reached a certain height. The doctor, I heard, generally attributed the deaths, in most cases, to enlargement of the spleen, as almost all were swollen and diseased in that part. I myself was dreadfully enlarged in the side, and for many years afterwards carried "an extra paunch."

As soon as the prospect began to brighten, and the men to recover a little, we managed to muster outside the hospital, some three hundred of us parading there morning and evening, for the benefit of fresh air; and medicine was served out to us as we stood enranked, the hospital orderlies passing along the ranks, and giving each man his dose from large jugs which they carried.

As we got better an order arrived to furnish two companies of the second battalion, and two companies of the third battalion, of Rifles, for Spain, as they were much wanted there. Accordingly an inspection took place, and two hundred men were picked out, all of whom were most anxious to go. I myself was rejected at that time, as unfit, which I much regretted. However, on

making application, after a few days, I was accepted, principally on the recommendation of Lieut. Cochrane, who much wished for me; and I accordingly once more started for foreign service.

From Hythe to Portsmouth, where we were to embark, was eight days' march; but the very first day found out some of the Walcheren lads. I myself was assisted that night to my billet, the ague having again seized me, and on the third day wagons were obliged to be hired to get us along the road. As we proceeded some of those men who had relapsed died on the road, and were buried in different places we passed through. At Chichester, I recollect, a man was taken out of the wagon in which I myself lay, who had died beside me; and at that place he was buried.

At Portsmouth I remained one night, billeted with my fellow-travellers at the Dolphin. Here I was visited by an uncle who resided in the town; and who was much shocked at seeing me so much reduced, concluding it was impossible I could survive many days. Such was the shocking state we were again reduced to. The next morning spring-wagons were procured for us, and we were sent back to Hilsea barracks for the benefit of medical advice; and I took a farewell of my uncle, expecting never to see him again. Such, however, was not to be the case, as, out of the thirty-nine riflemen who went into Hilsea Hospital, I alone survived.

It may seem to my readers extraordinary that I should twice be the survivor of so many of my comrades. I can only, therefore, refer them to the medical men who attended us, if they yet live, and whose names were, Dr. Ridgeway, of the Rifles, and Dr. Frazer, who at that time was the surgeon at Hilsea.

Whilst we lay sick at Hilsea Hospital I must not forget to mention an act of great kindness and humanity which was performed towards the soldiery. Lady Grey, who, I believe, was the wife of the Commissioner of Portsmouth Dockyard at this time, was so much struck with the state of the sufferers, that she sent one morning two carts loaded with warm clothing for them; giving to each man, of whatsoever regiment, who had been at Walcheren, two pairs of flannel drawers and two flannel waistcoats. This circumstance was greatly appreciated by the men; and many, like myself, have never forgotten it.

After this, being the only rifleman left at Hilsea, Lieut. Bardell made application to the general for leave for me to go into Dorsetshire to see my friends, which was granted; but the doctor shook his head, doubting I should ever be able to undertake the journey. In about a week, however, I considered myself fit to undertake the journey; and, accordingly, a non-commissioned officer of one of the line regiments put me into a Salisbury coach. A lady and gentleman were my fellow-passengers inside, and we started about four o'clock. They seemed not much to relish the look of a sick soldier in such close quarters; and, accordingly, we had hardly cleared the town of Gosport before I gave them a dreadful fright. In short, I was attacked all at once with one of the periodical ague-fits, and shook to so desperate a degree that they were both horror-struck, and almost inclined to keep me company. The lady thought that both herself and husband were sold, and would certainly catch the complaint; expressing herself as most unhappy in having begun their journey on that day. These fits generally

lasted an hour and a quarter, and then came on a burning fever, during which I called for water at every place where the coach stopped. In fact, coachman, guard, and passengers, outside and in, by no means liked it, and expected every minute that I should die in the coach.

"Here's a nice go," said the coachman, as he stopped at a place called Whit church, "catch me ever taking up a sick soldier again if I can help it. This here poor devil's going to make a die of it in my coach."

It seemed, indeed, as if I had personally offended the burly coachman, for he made an oration at every place he stopped at, and sent all the helpers and idlers to look at me, as I sat in his coach, till at last I was obliged to beg of him not to do so.

I had two attacks of this sort during the night, and was so bad that I myself thought, with the coachman, that I should never get out of the vehicle alive; and never, I should think, had passengers so unpleasant a journey as the lady and gentleman I travelled with.

At length, early in the morning, the coach stopped at a village one mile from my father's residence, which was on the estate of the present Marquis of Anglesey. I had left my father's cottage quite a boy, and although I knew the landlord of the little inn where the coach stopped, and several other persons I saw there, none knew me; so I made myself known as well as I could, for I was terribly exhausted, and the landlord immediately got four men to carry me home.

My father was much moved at beholding me return in so miserable a plight, as was also my step-mother and my brother. I remained with them eight months, six of which I lay in a hopeless state in bed, certificates being sent every month to Hythe, stating my inability to move; and during which time Captain Hart sent four letters to the commanding officer, desiring I might be drafted out, if possible, to Spain, as, being a handicraft, I was much wanted there.

The medical men round the neighborhood hearing of my state, many of them came to see me, in order to observe the nature of a complaint that had proved so deadly to our soldiers.

At the end of the eighth month, (being once more somewhat recovered, and able to crawl about, with the aid of a stick, a few yards from our cottage door,) as my mother-in-law had once or twice expressed herself burthened by this long illness, I resolved to attempt to return to my regiment. I was therefore transported in a cart to the King's Arms Inn, at Dorchester, my body being swollen up hard as a barrel, and my limbs covered with ulcers. Here the surgeons of the 9th and 11th dragoons made an examination of me, and ordered me into Dorchester hospital, where I remained seven weeks; and here my case completely puzzled the doctors.

At length Dr. Burroughs, on making his rounds, caught sight of me as I sat on my bed, dressed in my green uniform.

"Hallo! rifleman," he said, "how came you here?"

Being told, he looked very sharply at me, and seemed to consider.

"Walcheren," he inquired, "eh?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "and it has not done with me yet."

"Strip, my man," he said, "and lay on your back. What have you done for him?" he asked sharply of the doctor.

The doctor told him.

"Then try him with mercury, sir," he said, "*both externally, and internally.*"

After saying which in a rapid manner, he turned as quickly, and proceeded in his rounds among the rest of the patients.

I was now salivated most desperately, after which I got a little better, and resolved, at all hazards, to try and rejoin my regiment, for I was utterly tired of the hospital life I had altogether so long led. "For God's sake," I said, "let me go and die with my own regiment!"

With some little difficulty I got leave to go, and once again started, at my own expense, for Hythe, in Kent, by the coach. Before doing so, however, to my surprise, the medical man, who had attended me under my father's roof, brought me in his bill, which was a pretty good one, amounting to sixty pounds. I thought this was pretty well for a poor soldier to be charged. Having still, however, enough left of my savings, I paid it; but I kept that bill, and afterwards showed it to Dr. Scott, of the Rifles, who remarked upon it in these words: "It could not have been higher, Harris, if you had been a man possessing a thousand a year."

When I made my appearance in the barrack-square at Hythe, I was like one risen from the dead; for I had been so long missing from amongst the few I knew there, that I was almost forgotten. A hardy Scot, named McPherson, was one of the first who recognized me.

"Eh," he said, "but here's Harris come back. Why, I thought, man, ye was gane amongst the lave o' them, but the devil will na kill ye, I think!"

The day after my arrival I was once more in hospital, and here I remained under Dr. Scott for twenty-eight weeks; such was the Walcheren fever, and which to this day I sometimes feel the remains of in damp weather. From Hythe I was sent, amongst some other invalids, to Chelsea. Sixty of us marched together on this occasion, without arms. Many had lost their limbs, which, from wounds, as well as disease, had been amputated; and altogether we did not make a very formidable appearance, being frequently obliged to be halted in the road to repair our strength, when the whole turn-out would be seen sitting or sprawling at full length by the road side.

This march took us ten days to accomplish, and when we halted at Pimlico, we were pretty well done up. We were billeted in the different public houses in Chelsea. Amongst others, I lodged at the Three Crowns, close beside the Bun House.

I remember we paraded in the Five Fields, then an open space, but now covered with elegant mansions, and become a part of London. Three thousand invalids mustered here every morning—a motley group, presenting a good picture of the toils of war. There was the lame, the halt, and the blind, the sick, and the sorry, all in a lump. With those who had lost their limbs, there was not much trouble, as they became pensioners; but others were, some of them, closely examined from day to day as to their eligibility for service. Amongst others I was examined by Dr. Lephant.

"What age are you, rifleman?" he said.

"Thirty-two, sir," I replied.

"What trade have you been of?" he inquired.

"A shoemaker," I replied.

"Where have you been?" he said.

"In Denmark, Spain, Portugal, and Walcheren," I said; "in which latter place I met the worst enemy of all."

"Never mind that," he said, "you'll do yet; and we will have you to a veteran battalion."

Accordingly I was appointed to the 8th veteran battalion, with others, and sent to Fort Cumberland. Here I was appointed to Capt. Creswell's company, who had lost one eye, whilst in the 36th regiment, in Spain.

I was again the only green jacket of the lot, and the officers assembled round me during the first muster, and asked me numerous questions about my service amongst the Rifles, for we had a great reputation amongst the army at this time. Major Caldwell commanded the battalion; he had been in the 5th, (the fighting 5th,) and had received a grievous wound in the head. He was a kind and soldier-like man, but if you put him out of temper, you would soon find out that he felt his wound. Capt. Picard was there, too, and Capt. Flaherty, and Lieut. Moorhead; all of them were more or less shattered, whilst their men, although most of them were young, were very good specimens of war's alarms. One, perhaps, had a tale to tell of Salamanca, where he lost an eye; another spoke of Badajoz, where he got six balls (in the breach) at once in his body. Many paraded with sticks in their hands, and altogether it was something of a different sort of force to the active chaps I had been in the habit of serving amongst. In fact, I much regretted my green jacket, and grieved at being obliged to part with it for the red coat of the Veterans.

I remained in the Veterans only four months, as at the expiration of that time Napoleon was sent to Elba. We were then marched to Chelsea, to be disbanded, where we met thousands of soldiers lining the streets, and lounging about before the different public houses, with every description of wound and casualty incident to modern warfare. There hobbled the dilapidated light infantry man, the heavy dragoon, the hussar, the artillery man, the fusileer, and specimens from every regiment in the service. The Irishman, shouting and brandishing his crutch; the English soldier, reeling with drink; and the Scot, with grave and melancholy visage, sitting on the steps of the public house amongst the crowd, listening to the skirl of his comrades' pipes, and thinking of the blue hills of his native land. Such was Chelsea and Pimlico in 1814.

In about a week's time I was discharged, and received a pension of sixpence per day; and for the first time since I had been a shepherd lad on Blandford Downs, I saw myself in plain clothes, and with my liberty to go and come where I liked. Before, however, my pension became due, I was again called upon to attend, together with others, in consequence of the escape of Bonaparte from Elba; but I was then in so miserable a plight with the remains of the fever and ague, and which still attacked me every other day, that I did not answer the call, by which I lost my pension. And here I may perhaps as well mention a slight anecdote of the great duke, as I heard it related, more especially as, slight as it is, it shows the rapidity with which, even in small matters, that great man always came to a right conclusion.

The duke, I was told, observed in Spain that several men who had come out from England after Walcheren were unable to keep up on the march,

and afterwards completely failed. He inquired the reason of this, and was told they were men who had been on the Walcheren expedition.

"Then never," said the duke, "let another man be sent here who has been at Walcheren."

At Fort Cumberland I remember another curious circumstance, which may perhaps, in these times, be thought worthy of narration.

Many of the French prisoners had volunteered into the English service, and were formed into four companies, called the Independent Companies. These men were smart-looking fellows, and wore a green uniform, something like the Rifles. Whilst I was with the Veterans one of these men deserted, and was re-taken at Portsmouth, and tried by court-martial at Fort Cumberland. Besides his crime of desertion he had aggravated it by gross insubordination, and he was accordingly sentenced to be flogged. We all, French and English, paraded to see the sentence carried into effect, and in case of anything happening, and our opposite neighbors, the green-jackets, showing fight, the Veterans were all ordered to load with ball.

When the culprit heard the sentence read out to him, he was a good deal annoyed, and begged that he might be shot, as would have happened to him in his own country. Such, however, it was explained to him, could not be allowed, and he was accordingly punished. The Duke of York, who was then commander-in-chief, had thought it necessary to make this example, although all of us would have been glad to have seen him forgiven.

Shortly after this, on Napoleon's being sent to Elba, these men were all liberated, and sent home to their own country, with four pounds given to each man; and gloriously drunk they all were at Portsmouth the night they embarked.

The Veterans were very intimate and friendly with these Frenchmen, as they were quartered together; and we were all sorry to hear (whether true or false I cannot say) that every man of them, on their uniforms betraying their having served us, were massacred by their fellow-countrymen.

SEE-SAW.—The mutability of affairs in Spain cannot be better illustrated than by recent events at Madrid, and their results. M. Buschenthal, the banker, who was exiled from Madrid at twenty-four hours' notice a fortnight ago, having only arrived there ten days before from England, returned to London three days ago, meaning to take up his abode here, when the dismissal of Narvaez removes every obstacle to his return, and he leaves town on Friday *en route* for Madrid, and will probably encounter Narvaez, and exchange post horses, on the road.

THE "Courrier Français" says: "There is passing at present at Bayonne a veritable comedy. On Monday the telegraph transmitted to the authorities of that city orders to cease all surveillance over the Infante Don Henry, to pay him all the honors due to his rank, and in his place to watch General Narvaez, whose intrigues the Spanish government, it appears, is apprehensive of. What renders this change the more amusing is, that the police of France were set on the traces of Don Henry at the formal demand of Narvaez."

From the Spectator.

BELL'S LIFE OF CANNING.

NOTWITHSTANDING our pride in human genius, it requires fortune or favorable circumstances for its full development and success; and this is true not merely of practical callings, but of what men are inclined to consider the more independent pursuits of poetry or abstract science. The dramatic genius of Shakspeare himself could not have been so advantageously displayed in any other age than his own, and a century or two later or earlier it could hardly have found a field for its exercise. In other times than those they fell upon, Newton and Watt could scarcely have made the great discoveries they did, however eminent they might have become in their respective lines of life. A few generations earlier, Columbus would have wanted data for his speculations, means for his voyage, and persons of any description to listen to him, if he had even escaped burning for blasphemy. The military commander *must* have war—a long peace in their prime of life would have doomed to obscurity Nelson and Wellington. The perturbors of states, combining political arts with military genius, are nothing without circumstances: Cromwell and Napoleon would have died in private life had they lived in any other period; and Cæsar been only the active and eloquent partisan, or perhaps have sunk into forgetfulness beneath his debts and debaucheries. Even the prophet must bide “the fulness of time”—the corruption of idolatry in Arabia, of Christianity in Asia and eastern Europe, with the unsubstantial speculations of both Christians and Jews, were necessary to Mahomet, the apostle of Theism, who came but to declare a principle the most consonant of any to mere human reason, the unity of God.

If those who occupy the first places among the human race are thus dependent upon circumstances, those who merely rise in the world, and distinguish themselves rather as satellites than as planets, must be still more indebted to them. Putting aside the regular professions of human necessity in civilized life—law, physic, and divinity—it will be found that great success in public life is dependent upon two elements, sometimes operating singly, but more generally in conjunction—change, and despotism, or the power of will rising superior to convention and settled custom. Such circumstances produced the eminence of Becket and Wolsey, and of Carr and Villiers. Chatham headed a social tide, and rose by dint of his own genius, which saw the latent power of the middle class, whose leader he became; but he wanted the favor of power to sustain him, or prudence to sustain himself; and, except as the war minister for a few years, he was only an orator. The younger Pitt had more decided support from George the Third; but it was the changes wrought by the French revolution, and the sudden rise of our manufactures, that enabled him to vitiate the baronial constitution of the peerage, trample on the combination of great families, and form by his loans and war expenditure the moneyed interest of modern Britain.

The despotism of Pitt, and the necessity which chance imposed upon him and his party—“ubi periculum advenit, invidia, atque superbia post fuere”—were the circumstances that favored George Canning. At any other period he might have risen no higher than a second-rate barrister, more distinguished for his wit and literary tastes than his success in law; or perhaps have subsided

into a littérateur, for he wanted patience either for drudgery or waiting. His scholarship, though elegant, was not profound; and though the tone of his compositions in *The Microcosm* was wonderfully mature for an Eton boy, yet, as Mr. Bell observes, their matter was borrowed from the elder essayists, and they described a mode of life that existed no longer. Many men have been remarkable for precocious writing at public schools, and for “eloquent” speeches at university debating-clubs, without getting anything, much less a premier’s patronage and a seat in parliament. And the circumstances of Canning’s childhood and education were anything but recommendatory. Mr. Bell, after Mr. Burke’s book of the Landed Gentry, tells an heraldic story of the Canynges, or Cannings, beginning in 1360, a century before the “William Canynge” of Bristol, who is known as figuring in Chatterton’s forgery of the Rowley Poems. But, passing these absurdities, the family of Canning was of the rank of Irish gentry of the last century. The father of the orator was the eldest son and heir, but was discarded, with an allowance of £150 a year, for some discreditable amour. In 1757 the elder George Canning was in London; where he entered the Middle Temple. But he seems to have had all the defects of his celebrated son without his genius or his private virtues. The law was too dry a study, so he took to literature—published pamphlets and poems, advocating the side of Wilkes and liberty; and among other things, an epistle “from William Lord Russell to William Lord Cavendish,” which preserved a sort of glimmering existence to our generation, and has often been read on the supposition that it was the son’s. The politics and writings of the elder Canning introduced him to the Wilkite party, and they most probably to the profligate living then in vogue, and certainly to debt. After some years of life in London, this embarrassment became so pressing that he consented to disinherit himself, by joining his father in cutting off the entail, on condition that his debts were paid. He was soon, however, involved again; and in 1768 crowned his embarrassments by marriage with a Miss Costello; whose family, says Mr. Bell, from particulars furnished from “an authentic quarter,” were settled “long before the conquest, [of England, or of Ireland?] in the barony of Costello, parish of Aughamore, county of Mayo; from which possession they were styled lords or barons of Costello.” Time, the eater up of all things, had consumed the property of the Costellos. The lady, a minor, was portionless; the husband’s efforts to mend his fortune as a wine-merchant, and by “other speculations,” failed; and three years after his marriage, on the first birthday of his son, 11th April, 1771, George Canning the elder died, in London, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary-le-bonne.

The allowance of £150 a year was discontinued on Mr. Canning’s death, and his widow was left penniless. How she at first supported herself is not known. In 1773 she appeared on the stage of Drury Lane, playing *Jane Shore* to Garrick’s *Hastings*; and for a little time took similar leading characters. But she wanted genius as well as experience; and, after the attraction of novelty and her personal beauty passed away, Mrs. Canning sank into the position of a subordinate actress. She also became connected with a profligate player of the name of Reddish, and passed under his name. Mr. Bell says there is no doubt that they were married: but he offers no proof of any cere-

mony having taken place; nor if any was performed might it have been very valid, since Mr. Reddish, in the country, and even on the London boards, was in the habit of introducing a succession of Mrs. Reddishes to the public; and we think the first or "lawful" wife might have been living. He was also a drunkard; and finally became a lunatic. Mrs. Canning, or Reddish, subsequently married a Mr. Hunn, a stage-smitten silk-mercator of Plymouth; who failed in business, and then attempted the drama, without success. It was long reported, and may still be believed, that Canning was the *legal* son of Hunn, and born after his marriage: but Mr. Bell has satisfactorily refuted that whig scandal.

Under the auspices of this worthy couple, the infancy and childhood of George Canning, the future minister of England, were passed: and he seemed fairly enough launched on the road to ruin, when, it is said, old Moody the actor interfered. The boy's paternal uncle was a merchant of London, the father of Sir Stratford Canning. To him Moody went, and so forcibly represented the state of young George, that Mr. Stratford Canning undertook the care of him, sent him to school to Mr. Richards at Winchester, and afterwards placed him at Eton; where his precocious parts procured for him a high reputation. Just before George Canning went to Oxford, in 1788, his uncle died; and there is a story told of £200 a year being removed from the entail when it was cut off. This, it is said, supported him during his university studies, and subsequently, when he went to London as a law student, and mixed in the society, chiefly whig, to which his uncle and his literary and college reputation introduced him.

All this is not very intelligible. It seems inconsistent with the Irish manners of the last century to discard an heir for some amour, and still less to allow the discarded £150 a year. The manner in which Mrs. Canning contrived to live for the two years between her husband's death and her appearance on the stage, is a greater mystery, further heightened by the story of the £200 a year to which George Canning was heir. If it is a fact, the conduct of the family is inconceivable in leaving him to the moral and convivial example of Mr. Reddish: if he had no allowance, the question rises, how did he live for the five years he was at Oxford and in London! But if all this be unresolvable, it is equally an enigma, in what way a youth, with no other recommendation than that of "a smart fifth-form boy, the little hero of a little world," and a clever collegian, whose opinions, so far as they were known, were whiggish, and whose connexions were all among the extreme opposition, should suddenly become the friend of the minister and a member of parliament. Various contradictory stories are told of the mode in which it was brought about; but the only thing certainly known is, that George Canning was elected in 1793 as member for the borough of Newport, Isle of Wight; Sir Richard Worsley, the sitting member, having "obligingly" retired.

His career henceforward is matter of political history. In December, 1794, Mr. Canning seconded the address; in the following year, he was appointed under secretary of state in the foreign office; in 1797, he started *The Anti-jacobin*; in 1801, he resigned with Pitt, and, contrary to the example if not to the secret wishes of his patron, assailed the Addington ministry with sarcastic attacks in the house, with virulent scurrility through

the press, and endeavored to trip it up by a series of underhand intrigues; as we now know through the *Malmesbury Papers*. In 1804, he returned to office with Pitt, as Treasurer of the Navy; and retired on the accession of "All the Talents;" whom he assailed as he had done the Addington ministry, and commemorated their downfall in a dirge, where the venom is at least as conspicuous as the wit. Under the Portland ministry he was rewarded with the highest office he attained till the premiership, that of foreign secretary. In 1809, the duel with Castlereagh took place, which compelled both ministers to retire. Canning remained out of place till 1814; when he accepted that embassy to Lisbon, which, after all that has been voted and said, can only be described as a discreditable job: what renders it more degrading to Canning personally, is the fact that he had refused the foreign secretaryship in 1812 because he would have to be under Castlereagh's leadership of the commons; and, to crown the inconsistency of the whole, he accepted the subordinate office of president of the board of control, in 1816, to be at once Castlereagh's inferior in the house and out of it. In 1820, he resigned on Queen Caroline's business. In 1822, he was appointed governor-general of India; which he gave up, on Castlereagh's death, for the foreign office; and (to complete the chronological summary) in April, 1827, he attained the highest object of his ambition—the premiership; to die in the following August.

It was during these last five years that Canning attained his character for liberalism; which seems chiefly to have arisen from his diplomatic opposition to the holy alliance, and his subsequent patronage of the convenient whigs. To the foreign policy of Castlereagh he was undoubtedly opposed; and he is fully entitled to all the merit that may be claimed for him on that score. His junction with the whig party was matter of necessity; without them he could not have taken office: but, if report may be trusted, both he and the liberals had agreed that George the Fourth should not be "annoyed" by the Catholic question. That after Castlereagh's death the *tone* of our government became much improved, there is no question. But this may be ascribed to the reaction of the spy prosecutions, the growth of opinion, the character of Huskisson, Robinson, and Peel, as much as to any single influence of Canning. Those who were reformers "when George the Third was king," and remember how Canning went through his gagging bills work, may reasonably doubt the extent of his innate love of popular liberty.

When we consider the character of the age, and of our government, which not only excludes mere caprice in the appointments to the higher offices, but is very adverse to anything like an adventurer, the early rise of Canning is a remarkable incident, and may stand with the instances of Wolsey and Beckett. The latter part of his career, at least till Castlereagh's demise, was a failure, for which he had to blame himself. His irritable temper, his insolent demeanor, his mocking personalities, and his almost scurrilous invectives, rendered him one of the most unpopular men with whigs and radicals, without gaining him much estimation in his own party. According to Malmesbury, his rapid rise excited envy in others, and too much presumption in Canning himself. But this was not the whole: his imperious mode of pronouncing and deciding, coupled with his equivocal connexions, naturally offended men of old families and hered-

itary fortune; and his wit, though used against the enemy, was less employed for the common cause than for the praise and purposes of Mr. Canning. Nor could his followers feel safe with him. It was Tierney yesterday, "the doctor," to-day, and anybody else to-morrow, who might commit the unpardonable offence of crossing his path. Neither was the early taunt of the whigs untrue—Canning was an "adventurer;" not so much as regards fortune—for the 100,000*l.* he received with General Scott's daughter, on his marriage in 1800, would have given him, at that time, some 5,000*l.* a year—but in his mind. The want of early family or domestic training, operated unfavorably upon him throughout his career: the taint of Mr. and Mrs. Reddish stuck to him through life; not, strange to say, in his private, but in his public character. He never could be satisfied with going openly and straightforwardly to his objects; less from want of courage, than because his modes of operation would not bear the light. In every crisis of his career there was something of under-work. We know too little of his early days to speak with certainty, but all opinion seems to agree that he was a whig of the purest water; yet on his first appearance in public he came out a rampant Pittite. When he retired with Pitt in 1801, he had a perfect right to oppose the Addington ministry publicly; but his successive schemes to overthrow the government, by intrigues among their own supporters, smacked of anything but honorable dealing. In the quarrel that led to his duel with Castlereagh, he permitted the double-dealing to go on, and was thus far committed to it. If Castlereagh was so incompetent as secretary at war that he injured the public service, Canning should not have listened to ministerial pleadings for delay, but have resigned if the requisite change was not made. We have already spoken of the meanness and discredit of the Lisbon embassy, and the return to a subordinate office under his antagonist: his accession to the premiership itself was distinguished by something very like an intrigue. It was this continual dabbling in matters that would not bear the light which even made him averse to collect his fugitive verses. His vanity would have been gratified by an authorized edition; but, though some things are perhaps wrongfully ascribed to him, (and seem rather allied to the ferocity of Gifford,) there might have been more personality and scurrility than he would have cared to own.

As a mere orator—a speaker to satisfy his own side, to puzzle or silence his opponents, and to persuade or please the indifferent—Canning was perhaps without a rival in modern times, and only second to Cicero. Burke had always too much of the philosopher and lecturer for the house of commons; as his richness of illustration, the profundity of his thoughts, and his accumulations of matter, over-informed him for a mixed audience. With Pitt and Fox, (as in later days with Peel,) speaking was rather a means to an end, a mode by which they justified or produced an action; so that the statesman overtopped the orator. As a statesman Canning's sphere of action was limited; and it is to be suspected that he had the whig taint of ascribing too much to orations and despatches—to words in lieu of deeds. The principal thing he did was "to call a new world into existence, to redress the balance of the old;" but time has shown that the call was premature, and the bantling unequal to the functions of existence; whilst

the intrigue he carried on upon this occasion with Rush and the United States against the Holy Alliance, produced the declaration from the President that the American continent was no longer open to settlement, which is at the bottom of the present Oregon difficulties. But his speaking was masterly: complete and finished in a remarkable degree. He had a comprehensive logic, to see the true pinch of the case—the right view of the whole question. He had the critical acumen to evolve the subordinate members that supported the main view, and the rhetorical art to marshal them in order. He had also rhetorical invention—the genius by which the inherent reasons are expanded and enforced by illustrations, and vivified by images, which give life to logic, seeming to prove his position though in reality assuming it. The matter thus skilfully chosen was clothed in a style habitually elegant, and animated by an agreeable pleasantry. A vital power reigned throughout, and there was no verbosity. It cannot, however, be denied that the habitual workman was too visible, and the elegance pushed to an artificial extent. His oratory was deficient in the natural; it would have been improved by touches of homeliness. His refinement was overdone; it was that of the actor or the artist, rather than of the true gentleman. Moreover, the praise of his oratory rarely applies to his personal attacks; and on reading the frequent "laughter"—"much laughter," one feels a desire to have the joke explained. The very personality, and the evident allusions to the by-play of the debate, may contribute to this flatness in report—it is like an effervescing beverage when the fixed air has escaped.

We have already intimated our opinion of Canning's character as a statesman. His greatest act was sending some consuls and diplomatic agents to Mexico and South America—with what wisdom the result shows. The Catholic question was no more indebted to him than to any other advocate, except to the extent of his superior powers of advocacy, which were no doubt very great. He detached England from the Holy Alliance; but it may be questioned whether Castlereagh himself would have given countenance to the French invasion of Spain. In conjunction or contemporaneously with Huskisson—and with Peel, Canning no doubt dealt some heavy blows and great discouragements to the sturdy, English, but stolid, narrow, insolent, ignorant, and corrupt old tory party. A stern criticism, however, might decide that Canning smote them for objects of his own—for vengeance, and the premiership. It is difficult to see anything except the public good that Huskisson in his commercial relaxations, and Peel in his currency bill and legal reforms, (so horrible to poor old Eldon,) could have had in view; for, to say nothing of Catholic emancipation and later measures, these movements in a philosophical-liberal direction made Peel and Huskisson unpopular with their own party, without gaining them a countervailing support from the other side.

But, though not a statesman, Canning seems to have been a good administrative minister; and he had a larger view than any of his contemporaries, Burke excepted. Literature had not only refined but expanded his mind. With the ready ability, he had the deep perception of the philosophical littérateur, and went to the marrow of his subjects. The power of independent action—the power of Pitt or of Peel—he never had; so we cannot tell how he might have acted as an absolute minister.

But general principles, in the shape of leading arguments, are met with in his speeches. His views of slavery had a large philosophy, which put to shame the schemes of the miserable dabbles who settled or rather unsettled the question; and a future age may feel the truth of his views on parliamentary reform—that the existing constitution of the peerage must be defended in the commons by the outwork of rotten boroughs. Even the reform bill, short as it was of *radical* in the original conception, and artfully curtailed in its effects by the “Chandos clause” and by whig favors towards whig boroughs, would have brought this principle to something like a test, had the Melbourne ministry stood to their guns upon the Appropriation-clause; and if the peers reject the pending corn bill, we may shortly see the effect which Canning predicted as a result of reform, though the full consequences are not likely to be developed till the present generation is in its grave.

His private character appears to have been a theme for panegyric. His domestic life was without stain; his friendships were firm and unflinching. Had his intimates been only persons of inferior ability, this might have been accounted for on a principle of submission; but it could not apply to men like Huskisson, Ward, and Ellis; and those qualities must have been indeed attractive which subdued the pride of Pitt, and induced him to bear with the troublesome and marplot interferences of Canning with Pitt's policy during the long interregnum of the Addington ministry.

The book which has occasioned this review of the life and character of George Canning is a clever piece of literary handiwork; exhibiting a good deal of painstaking and research in the early period, though inclining towards a too ready credence to favorable interpretations and apocryphal anecdotes. The public and political part of Canning's career is of a more mingled yarn; interspersed with sketches of society, “clubs,” and characters under George the Third, done rather too artificially; and with many political disquisitions that partake of the “Liberal article,” rehashing the exploded whiggery of the revolutionary days and of the regency, upon Pitt and the war—which is now exploded, not merely because the minds of men have reached a less feverish and angry state, but because new information shows the incorrectness of many of the supposed facts and assumed premises. It is a “flashy” and readable volume, presenting a complete narrative of Canning's life, on the favorable side: but Mr. Bell is scarcely equal to his main subject, and somewhat below the collateral history.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—Amidst the many wonderful inventions of modern days, wherein the faculties of man have overcome difficulties apparently insurmountable, and made the very elements themselves subservient to his power and use, there are none more wonderful than that now about to be carried out by the establishment of sub-marine telegraphs, by which an instantaneous communication will be effected between the coasts of England and France. The British government, by the lords commissioners of the admiralty, and the French government, by the minister of the interior, have granted permission to two gentlemen, the projectors of the sub-marine telegraph, to lay it down from coast to

coast. The site selected is from Cape Grisnez, or from Cape Blancnez, on the French side, to the South Foreland, on the English coast. The soundings between these headlands are gradual, varying from seven fathoms near the shore on either side, to a maximum of thirty-seven fathoms in mid-channel. The lords of the admiralty have also granted permission to the same gentlemen to lay down a sub-marine telegraph between Dublin and Holyhead, which is to be carried on from the latter place to Liverpool and London. The sub-marine telegraph across the English channel will, however, be the one first laid down; the materials for this are already undergoing the process of insulation, and are in that state of forwardness which will enable the projectors to have them completed and placed in position, so that a telegraphic communication can be transmitted across the English channel about the first week in June. When this is completed, an electric telegraph will be established from the coast to Paris, and thence to, Marseilles. This telegraph throughout France will be immediately under the direction of the French government, as, according to the law of 1837, all telegraphic communications through that country are under the absolute control and superintendence of the minister of the interior. Upon the completion of the sub-marine telegraph across the English channel, it is stated that a similar one, on a most gigantic scale, will be attempted to be formed, under the immediate sanction and patronage of the French administration; this is no less than that of connecting the shores of Africa with those of Europe by the same instrumentality, thus opening a direct and lightning-like communication between Marseilles and Algeria. It has been doubted by several scientific men whether this is practicable, and, indeed, whether even the project between the coasts of France and England can be accomplished; but it has been proved by experiments, the most satisfactory in their results, that not only can it be effected, but effected without any considerable difficulty.

Sermons preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Foundling Hospital, and several Churches in London; together with others addressed to a Country Congregation. By the late Rev. SYDNEY SMITH. Longman & Co.

CHRISTIANITY was not a dogma with Sydney Smith. It was a practical and most beneficent creed. It was the rule of action to his life. It was, as he called it in the discourse on toleration which stands first in this volume, a mild religion, a tolerant and tolerating religion, a generous and magnanimous religion. We may use the words to describe the whole of these *Sermons*. They avoid controversy; purposely avoid difficult and disputed theology; to deal with plain and simple Christian truths, and to enforce the beautiful and heavenly simplicity of their practice. In this manner, it is remarked by the editor, “the author conceived he was best promoting the present and the future happiness of his fellow-men, and doing his duty in his vocation.” And the charm of Sydney Smith's religious compositions was what gave value to his other writings: clear force of style, earnestness of feeling, and the philosophy of downright common sense. The volume contains fifty sermons, and not a thought or opinion at war with Christian charity.—*Examiner*

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Di un nuovo dipinto o fresco di Raffaello in Firenze,
Cenni di PIETRO SELVATICO. Firenze. 1845.
—pp. 18.

ALTHOUGH this brochure falls without the usual scope of our critical notices, having been reprinted from an article which appeared in a late number of the "Revista," we avail ourselves of the opportunity it affords of returning to the fresco, whose recent discovery at Florence we were among the first to communicate to English connoisseurs.

No city has had its public buildings and art more amply illustrated than Florence, yet the church and convent of St. Onofrio have not obtained from Richa or other writers any satisfactory or minute details. When its secularization took place in the end of the last century, the monastic buildings were converted into a silk establishment, and the refectory being the largest and most airy apartment, it was used for the worms to spin in. For this purpose it became necessary to fill it with a number of scaffolds fitted up with shelves, upon which the worms were hatched and fed, and where they spun. In this way the walls were both screened and darkened, so as to render any paintings upon them scarcely visible, should the hall be visited by those likely to observe anything of the sort. The vast quantity of dust and dirt produced by these processes, and left to settle for successive years, in a high temperature where no current of air could penetrate, caused an accumulation of filth upon the walls which hardly any other degradation could have occasioned; and it is probably to this circumstance, and to the animal matter mixed up with this coating of dirt, that, as in the case of Titian's "Assumption" at Venice, the painting, when carefully cleaned, was found in unusual preservation. The building having passed a few years ago into other hands, the silkworms and their shelves were cleared away, and the place let to a coach-builder, who converted the refectory into his show-room. The fresco which was now observed to occupy the end of it soon attracted his attention, and he endeavored to free it from a portion of the dingy coating that concealed its surface; but most fortunately he proceeded with a degree of caution not always observed by persons more experienced in the delicate task. After washing off much, he used bread crumb, with such success that it was no longer difficult to recognize the high merit of the work.

In this state of matters it was seen about three years ago by several artists and connoisseurs, whose favorable report gradually brought it into some notice, and awakened curiosity as to the author. The owner of the building found the value of his property on the increase, and there being another mural painting in the ante-chamber of the refectory, over the cistern at which the nuns used to wash their hands before and after meals, he had it taken off the plaster for sale; but whilst it lay upon the ground before the operation was completed, a carriage which had got loose rolled down the inclined floor, and dashed it to atoms. Whatever may have been the loss to art from this accident, it has in some degree served to protect the more important Cenacolo in the refectory from similar vandalism, by showing the risks of any attempt to remove it.

Conjecture now became rife as to the authorship of a work too important to remain without some high name. Many of the Florentines, in the truly

Italian spirit of municipal jealousy wished to attribute it to some native master, and caught greedily at certain partial analogies with the handling of Domenico Ghirlandaio. Others, of less narrow views and experience, recognized the Umbrian type, and at once gave it to Perugino. Neither of these names, however, were satisfactory to persons of more enlarged and impartial judgment, and though it was impossible to predicate with certainty, the claims of Lo Spagna were suggested as most reconcilable with the prevailing feeling, notwithstanding the double difficulty of that delightful painter being apparently unknown in Tuscany, and of his frescoes about Spoleto indicating a more free and loose manner. Raffael was also spoken of, but with a timidity becoming the use of so great a name. Among the warmest supporters of the last theory were two rising artists, Count Carlo della Porta, and Signor Ignazio Zotti, who, heedless of incredulous smiles and contemptuous sneers, maintained that none but Raffael painted the Cenacolo of St. Onofrio. This conviction they based upon internal evidence, wherein they not only found nothing of Perugino's timidity, but traced what they considered the feeling, the grandeur, the modelling, the relieve, and the touch of Sanzio himself. Not satisfied with long and careful study of the painting, they searched every written and unpublished document regarding the convent, to which access could be had. But though this inquiry was unproductive, their zeal was rewarded from an unexpected quarter.

Whilst poring over some of those puzzling ciphers with which Raffael, in imitation of many preceding artists, has fringed the garments of several of his early pictures in the manner of a gold embroidery, they fancied that the hem of St. Thomas' tunic indicated some Roman characters. "An R, half worn away, and scarcely perceptible, is followed by an almost shapeless A, and by a contraction composed of a P linked to an L; then comes the cipher VRS, the S being entwined within the R, next a hyphen; then perhaps, the word ANNO, of which but the O is distinct. Thereafter comes a little stroke almost like an N, and next the date, formed of an M, a much defaced D, and a V, which seems to be preceded by another hyphen like the first." Such is the description from which these zealous gentlemen and their friend Signor Selvatico, concluded, "that beyond the possibility of doubt, in these letters may be recognized the contraction of RAPHAEL URBINAS, 1505," and that "they supply an incontestable fact to put down the opponents of that opinion." Aware how impossible it is to pronounce in such matters without ocular demonstration, we shall neither offer any opinion, nor attempt to influence that of our readers, as this discovery had not been made when we examined the picture last autumn. We may however remark, that those who are familiar with similar tracings on the draperies of the early panel and fresco paintings, must be aware of their frequently provoking resemblance to written characters, but of the total impossibility of satisfactorily deciphering them into continuous letters or an intelligible meaning. That a little nefarious patching has occasionally been employed, from interested motives, to convert such casual resemblances into legible inscriptions, is an unquestionable fact; and we must express our surprise that a gentleman so intelligent, and apparently so candid as Signor Selvatico, has attempted to bolster up his theory by quoting the supposed

signature of Raffael on the staff of St. Joseph in the Maggiori picture formerly in Fermo, which is now rejected as a forgery. Neither can we allow him to attach any weight to another supposed legend discovered by Signor Zotti on St. Peter's tunic, the very morning on which this paper was written, which, on the strength of an apparent SO followed after some interval by an R, he would read SANZIO RAFFAELLO. Such reversing of the names is incredible, even did we not know that the final O of the surname was a euphonious adjunct suggested by Trembo long after the alleged date of this fresco.

A more interesting aid towards a decision of the authorship is afforded by the casual discovery of two drawings which have evidently been preparatory studies for this interesting work. One, in the collection of Signor Santirelli of Florence, (which, in extent and value, yields to that of no amateur in Italy,) represents St. Peter and St. Andrew, and is a slight pencil sketch upon tinted paper, touched with white. The other, belonging to Signor Giulio Piatti there, repeats St. Peter with St. James; it gives the composition in a more matured stage, and is itself much more finished and masterly in touch, the head of St. Peter being worked up in water-color. These drawings are pronounced by Signor Selvatico, to be from the hand of Raffael, and a similar conclusion has been reached with greater hesitation, by one of the most accomplished and cautious connoisseurs in Italy, himself familiar with the Umbrian schools. We may, therefore, in the mean while, assume that the St. Onofrio fresco is by the prince of revived painting.

The difficulties in the way of this conclusion are indeed but negative, and no argument has been alleged better than the specious one, that such a work of such a master could not possibly have been overlooked or forgotten. But a positive fact cannot be reargued by a presumed impossibility, and there can be no question that this, one of the most admirable mural paintings in Italy, is new to the world of art. A production of such merit could not emanate from any obscure hand, and the omission of all notice of it by Vasari, Richa, and other important authorities, would be equally inexplicable were it by Perugino, Spagna, or Ghirlandaio. The same may be said of what is in truth more marvellous, that there should have been no traditional reputation to direct attention and curiosity to the work. Both circumstances may be partially accounted for, by the strict rules of the cloister, and by the ignorance and indifference to art of most nuns, who alone could enter its tabooed precincts. Selvatico, perhaps, refines upon this explanation, by supposing the eminence of their painter both at the time, and in his more palmy days, to be totally unknown to the good recluses who had chanced to patronize him. This conjecture is followed up by an idea, which, though somewhat far-fetched, accords well with the principles of the purist school to which Signor Selvatico belongs, and is happily expressed:

"On inspecting the name written in gold on St. Thomas' tunic, it would seem that the artist himself, with a pencil full of color, prepared for the lights of the drapery on the shoulder, hastily covered it with fine strokes of the brush, as if desirous of concealing it from observation. In a fact of so little apparent importance, I fancy a sad foreboding of the melancholy condition towards which art was then already beginning to tend. Mayhap the stripling of Urbino, scarcely emerged

from his master's lessons, and ill-assured of his own powers, deemed it presumptuous to affix a signature wanting the prestige of fame; or, more probably, hearing echoed from all sides the praises of Michael-Angelo, and aware how distant from such giant efforts were his own chastened creations; observing, perhaps, by how many existing painters the sacred banner of the *quattro-centisti* had been deserted; hearing even Perugino, his own guide and second father, publicly characterized by his vehement rival as insipid, he felt a sort of secret shame of his work in St. Onofrio, and wished to deface the name which, from a well-founded confidence in his own merit, had in a moment of exultation escaped from his hand. Let us remember that these were the times when such respect was paid to Buonarroti, even by the law, that Perugino had the worst of it, when forced by the injurious charges falsely brought by him, to have recourse to a judicial justification before the eight judges. Let us bear in mind that, shortly after the period in question, Boccaccio Boccaccino, a pure and noble spirit, was compelled to quit Rome for daring to speak ill of Michael-Angelo. Let us recollect that the moment was at hand when Perugino, whilst furnishing the picture by Filippino Lippi, now in the gallery of the Florentine Academy, and painting his own in the Annunziata, earned from the artificers of the new manner, jibes and lampoons for repeating his superannuated types. Let us, in short, keep in view that novelty was then sought for at any cost. Hence Raffael, endowed with singular sagacity, might consider that his ingenuous performance, still linked to the traditions of the Umbrian School, so far from gaining him honor, was calculated to impair his popularity, as too much approximating a discarded fashion. Had the new systems then revolutionizing art done no greater mischief than that of concealing from the world for ages such a work, they would merit serious reproach. Unhappily they produced worse evils; they overmastered the great Sanzio's convictions; and, in part at least, succeeded in turning him towards the perilous path of his mighty rival."

Even apart from its authorship, the discovery of this picture must be hailed with delight by all amateurs of religious art, but as a production of Raffael, there are circumstances imparting to it a special interest. Not only is it his first ascertained attempt at fresco, but in importance of subject, it exceeds his mural painting in the church of San Severo at Perugia, which has hitherto been so considered. Supposing both to have been executed in 1505, the analogy of the latter composition with several *chefs-d'œuvres* of early Florentine art, by Orcagna, Fra-Angelico, and even Fra-Bartolomeo, authorizes us to suppose it designed after his return from the Tuscan capital. Granting the date 1504, on the Sposalizio at Milan, to be accurate, it may be considered the last of his Peruginian performances; and the "Cenacolo," with its lingering traces of Umbrian motive and feeling, will thus form an important link in the progress of his second manner. There is besides, in the biography of Sanzio a blank as to his Florentine period. Although his several visits there have not been absolutely fixed, they must together have extended over a considerable time, which the works hitherto ascribed to his pencil are inadequate to have filled up. If, however, the "St. Onofrio Cenacolo" be included in the number we shall be enabled to regard his resi-

dence on the Arno as not less fruitful than improving.

Few things are less interesting to most of readers than an elaborate description of a picture which they have no means of seeing. We shall not therefore encumber this slight notice with any analysis of the arrangement or of the expression belonging to the various figures grouped in the St. Onofrio fresco. The theme, although in every respect one of the most grand and solemn in the cycle of Christian art, does not admit much variety of treatment. Giotto and other early masters represented the supper-table as round or oval, an idea susceptible of more picturesque combinations than the straight shape or the horse-shoe wings, which were usual in the sixteenth century. The variety generally termed the Communion of the Apostles is more seldom met with, and abandons scriptural authority for the Romish ritual, depicting the Saviour standing and administering the sacrament to his kneeling apostles. The moment commonly seized upon in painting the Cenacolo, or Last Supper, is when Christ has just exclaimed, "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me," and so it is in the fresco under consideration. The capabilities of such a theme for dramatic expression are obviously great, and although here treated with perfect freedom from theatrical effect, the author's genius has had full and successful scope. No starting from their seats, no sudden or mannered attitudes among the wondering auditors, but looks of surprise heightened by indignation at the treason, and at the implied impeachment of their individual fidelity. The absence of striking contrasts and the almost placid aspect of the assemblage, which ignorance might ascribe to poverty of invention, are, as Signor Selvatico well observes, proofs of the author's reliance upon his own powers, and of his confidence in the expression of inward feeling which he could impart to each. The figures on which interest is chiefly concentrated, naturally are Christ, mild, calm, divine, and Judas, scowling, suspicious, restless, fierce; but several of the other heads are conceived and executed with a skill and feeling noways less remarkable. The accessories of the picture indicate a mind full of beauty and pictorial resources. The richly-damasked hangings, the fine architectural perspective, beyond which is introduced, in a manner highly characteristic of the Perugian school, the next scene in the history of the Saviour's Passion, enacted on the Mount of Olives, are all precious adjuncts to this admirable performance.

The preservation of this fresco is, as yet, singularly fine. Those who have witnessed the reckless transformations which all those remains of precious early art have of late undergone, whose mischance it has been to attract the attention of Florentine *restorers*, may well tremble for its fate, even in the hands of the two enthusiastic artists, who, after deciphering the author's supposed signature, have volunteered to clean his work. It is understood that the proprietor is open to an offer for its purchase, and rumor lately spoke of negotiations with a leading English picture-dealer. With every wish to see steps adopted for securing to our country, some choice specimens of that high devotional art, as yet scarcely known by name in our island, we deprecate the barbarism of tearing grand mural paintings from the walls for which they were executed, and away from which much of interest and prestige is gone. This one being about twenty-seven feet long, it could only be

detached by separating it into three pieces, adding immensely to the risk of an operation in all circumstances most perilous. We, therefore, sincerely echo the desires of Signor Selvatico, that the Tuscan government may, without delay, acquire the building, so as at once to insure its treasure against injury, and render it accessible to the public in that liberal way which does honor to the other monuments of Florence. But this hope, we must accompany with a prayer that it may escape the meddlesome mania which has, in the last few years, made the venerable fresco monuments of Hawkwood, and Nicolo Folentino cut capers through the aisle of the cathedral, and has overpainted the only coeval portrait of Dante, from the hand of his friend Giotto.

TO THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

BAND of young apostles,
Teaching love and truth,
Ye are come before us,
In your glorious youth;
Like a choir of angels,
Missioned from above,
To make our souls acknowledge
How beautiful is love!
Taint of earth I see not
In your clear eyes shine,
You to me resemble
Natures all divine;
Pure, seraphic creatures,
From some higher sphere,
Who, but for love and pity,
Never had been here,
Who, but for human fellowship, had never shed a
tear!

Band of young apostles!
Such to me ye seem,
As I list your singing,
In a rapturous dream;
Now with choral voices,
Like to birds in May,
Warbling in tumultuous joy,
That Winter is away!
Now, like angels weeping
O'er a sinner's bier,
With their white wings folded,
And low voices clear;
Mourning for the sorrow,
Which sin has brought on earth;
Mourning that of pity,
Man has made such dearth;
Teaching to the callous world what a soul is worth!

Band of young apostles,
Teaching love and truth,
Onward go, high-missioned,
In your glorious youth!
Onward go, God's blessing
On your path alight:
Still lift your kindred voices.
As prophets of the Right!
Onward go, undaunted,
Heralds of that day
When all mankind are brothers,
And War has ceased to slay!
—We have seen and loved you!
We have pressed your hand;
We have blessed you, and we bless
In you your native land!
Farewell! God's angel guide you, ye young and
noble band!

MORAL AND PHYSICAL CONDITION OF RAILWAY LABORERS.

AT the restoration of Charles II., an army of sixty thousand men—the old iron-sides of Cromwell—was disbanded and received back into the bosom of society. That the country was not thus inundated by robbers and cut-throats, has been the subject of some of the most marked eulogiums of that illustrious man, who never lost sight of the future in the present, who made the soldier without unmaking the citizen, and in an army of the hardest fighters in the world cherished all the social virtues and the best principles of Christianity. Other disbanded armies have exhibited a very different specimen of their training. The hordes to be let loose upon society has been a matter of consideration with governments negotiating treaties of peace; and, on such occasions as the Treaty of Utrecht, all Europe has been infested with banditti. We have at this moment several small armies garrisoned throughout the country where the great railways are in progress of formation, consisting of people who are as completely cut off from the influence of social organization as mercenary troops, and yet are not subject to that discipline which in *their case* supplies in some measure the place of other sanctions. Whether they are to remain a permanent and accumulating body, or, through any unfortunate convulsion in trade, to be disbanded in considerable numbers, their physical and moral condition is a matter of great moment both to themselves and the community at large. Mr. Chadwick, who is every now and then laying bare the springs of social evils, has discussed this subject in a paper read before the statistical society of Manchester—“On the Demoralization and Injuries occasioned by the want of Proper Regulations of Laborers engaged in the construction and working of Railways.” We give the following extract, exhibiting the nature of the information and the method of imparting it.

“Heavy contracts are frequently required by the directors to be completed in one or two years, to do which requires the combined labor of one or two thousand men. The district in which the work is to be performed is rural, thinly peopled, with probably not healthful accommodation for the poor inhabitants already resident there; yet into this district is this numerous body of strange men tempted, by high wages, to pass one, two, or three years, in a dangerous and life-wearing occupation, each man being left to lodge or live as best he may. The poor inhabitants are tempted, by money, to lodge as many as they can crowd into their poor, old, and badly-ventilated houses. The work being carried on night and day, the beds are let double, cleanliness is not attended to; house comfort, which ought to be so sacred to Englishmen, cannot be known; a separation of the sexes is not attended to, and so the morals of the female population are hopelessly corrupted, and the characters of the males are brutalized. No part of the world can show a more degraded, beastly association of human beings than communities of men and women so situated: civilized language will not allow of its description. Bad as is the accommodation, many of the men have to travel five miles and upwards to and from their work, and consequently, their clothing is often wetted through; which, combined with the lodgings as described, produces disease to a most destructive extent. Filth and vermin also abound.

“As may be expected from the condition in which the men lodge and live, disease breaks out

amongst them, such as fevers, small-pox, &c.; those who have homes to go to leave their work and return to them, but as many have travelled from a considerable distance, and have never saved one farthing of their earnings, they become miserable objects indeed! Being in a strange district they are only accommodated so long as they can pay, and as there is no hospital provided for them when sick, they are thrust forth into the lanes and fields to shift for themselves, or die, or probably to carry their infectious disease into other districts. I have seen men with small-pox thick out upon them wandering about in the lanes, having no place of shelter to go into.

“All the degradation, iniquity, and misery here narrated, is no more a necessary consequence of public works, than plague was to past populations, or than fever is now. If proper means be taken to provide for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the men, they will become as orderly as any other portion of the community. It is only where they are in crowds, and situated as I have before stated, that all the evils develop themselves. The same men, under more favorable circumstances, are as well behaved as can be desired.”

Calamitous accidents are very frequent among these men: and the greater part of them arise from causes which care might obviate. Of course the principal cause is the reckless conduct of the laborers themselves. There are few classes so completely exempt from the spirit of gambling that they will not individually be sometimes inclined to run personal risks, which a wise government should prohibit being incurred. It may be to the individual a thousand to one that he is injured; but if a thousand people run the risk, the injury to the public is certain, and the public ought to see that it be precluded. Thus you will sometimes meet intelligent men walking the decks of crazy steamers, maintaining that it is disgraceful that such vessels should be permitted to go to sea. They know that the vessel will founder some day—they hope not on that occasion; and as members of the great body of the public they foresee a certain injury, while in their own individual persons they predict but a possible one. The further we descend in the social scale, the more will this gambling spirit be found to exist; and hence the public cannot trust its interests to the influence of the feeling of self-preservation in these great bands of uneducated men. Both their calamities and their misconduct are at present a fruitful source of pauperism. Hence the consequence of these evils falls on the public at large. Mr. Chadwick thinks it ought to rest with the projectors of the undertakings; and that those who expect to reap the profit occasioned by this disturbance of the social organization of the country, should bear the corresponding burden. He thinks, and wisely, that such a responsibility, by attracting the attention of those immediately concerned to the moral and physical condition of the laborers, would produce a corresponding improvement that would in the end not only remove a source of disorganization, but amply remunerate the speculator.—*Examiner*.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—A fearful occurrence lately took place at the entrance of the Borsoe Defile, near the Great Szamos, in Hungary. Mount Mormontzee, which is 1,800 feet above the stream at that place, 300 feet broad, suddenly split, and fell with tremendous *fracas* into the river. Its bed has been filled up, and the whole Szamosthal has been inundated.

From the United Service Magazine.

ON THE INVASION AND DEFENCE OF GREAT BRITAIN.—A MILITARY REVERIE.

BY G. F. HERMAN.

Delenda est Carthago

NOTWITHSTANDING the all-absorbing interest of the question relative to our internal policy now under discussion, public attention has been turned of late to the actual state of our national defences with an earnestness almost hitherto unknown. We hail this circumstance as a happy omen. Such is the intelligence of a British public, that we doubt not, when once engaged to study a question, a ready solution will be found of all the difficulties with which it is beset. At the same time we must venture to observe, that the question is but little understood by the majority. The public have an indistinct vision of a coming crisis—a conviction that we are on the eve of momentous events that give a name to eras in history, and that unless a judicious course be followed, far different from that which has been adopted of late years, a gloomy morning will arise when we shall find the established order of things violently changed, not for the better, but frightfully for the worse; in other words, England suddenly hurled from the proud station she now holds among the nations of the globe.

The quarter from whence we may look for this catastrophe is too obvious to require mention. It cannot escape the most careless observer of passing events, that it is France!!

After all that has been left on record, after all that has been written, it were needless to occupy our pages with proving what are her designs, what the long cherished and darling object of her ambition!

But while these dangers are admitted, their admission is deprived of its practical utility in various ways, as if men sought refuge in fallacies to save themselves from being obliged to follow out reasonings that lead to inevitable conclusions. Thus, based on too overweening a confidence in our maritime supremacy, cradled in this fatal security, the majority laugh to scorn the bare idea of an invasion; but by practical men the advent of such a contingency is not considered to exceed the bounds of practicability. The question, therefore, for the consideration of the nation and its rulers is, How are those dangers to be prevented?

One of the first ends of political society is to defend itself, with its combined strength, against all external insult or violence. If unprepared to repulse an aggressor, it fulfils not the conditions of its institution.

The strength of a nation may be said to consist in three things: the number of its population, their military virtues, and their riches.

But valor alone, that heroic virtue which makes us undauntedly encounter danger in defence of our country, is not the only condition: the strength of a state consists less in numbers than in the military organization of its citizens. There are in fact many distinct branches that a nation ought to cultivate—it was the assemblage of all these that gave to the Romans the empire of the world. But above all, it ought to be borne in mind that the power of a state is *relative*, and ought to be measured by that of all the nations from which it has anything to fear; a result to be obtained by

keeping up its strength equal, if not superior, to that of its neighbors.

A rapid survey of the political, military, and financial resources of England and France, will enable our readers to form a comparative estimate of their reciprocal conditions, offensive and defensive, in the event of a war.

Since the peace of 1815, the agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing resources of the French empire have received a development which at no former period of her history they ever attained. Her population in round numbers is 37 millions. Her revenue exceeds that of Great Britain, while her debt only amounts to one fourth of the encumbrance which exercises so chilling an influence on the energies of this country.

But amid the progressive increase of all the sources of national greatness, true to the warlike traditions of the past, the government, with admirable foresight and consummate sagacity, has left nothing untried to impart to their military institutions all the intensity of which they are susceptible. The effective strength of the French army is at this moment 450,000 *men*, combining in the highest degree all the essentials of a powerful constituted force, whether we consider its organization, discipline, moral interior economy, the tactical instruction of the soldier, or the science of the officer. In the event of a war, this force might be doubled, by simply recalling to the ranks the men whose six years' period of service has expired, whom the conscription law, on the advent of hostilities, subjects to a prolongation of six years' further service. 50,000 men of this category are annually discharged from the ranks, and are sent to their homes. Thus the operation of the law in question diffuses through the entire population the elements of military organization and instruction, and endows France with the first essential of a good military system, viz., a powerfully organized national reserve.

To this regular force must be added, the corps of veterans and invalids, one million of well organized National Guards, and the *arrière ban* of an entire population trained to arms, a force which if unfitted for the active operations of the field, backed by a small *nucleus* of the regular infantry and cavalry, would suffice for the defence of the capital, the frontier and central fortresses. Whatever difference of opinion may have existed in France on the question of the fortifications of Paris, the divergency applied only to the mode of execution; the justice, the absolute necessity of the measure, has been universally admitted by the highest military authorities that France has, or ever possessed. In the operations of modern war, the capital, the centre of power, is naturally the objective point of an invader; the repeated examples of Napoleon's campaigns led the allies to Paris in 1814 and 15. In fact financial considerations would render these rapid expeditions of imperative necessity, even were they not inculcated by the soundest principles of military science.* A

* In fact, these maxims are now taught in all the military schools of Europe. If at the commencement of a campaign, in which the object of an invading army is the capital, if that centre of power be placed in an adequate state of defence, the defensive army, no longer chained to the roads leading to it, and thereby compelled to accept battle inopportune, is rendered more free and unfettered in its operations, and may base itself on the frontier or central fortresses, and act on the enemy's communi-

single glance at the military map of Europe will show, by the numerous fortresses with which, since the peace of 1815, its surface has been bristled, how deeply this maxim is enshrined in the state policy of all our continental neighbors. The fortification of Paris was at once a great act of political and military policy. By covering the heart of the empire, the frontier fortresses were restored to their pristine value and importance. It is in fact the key-stone of a grand comprehensive system of national defence, that will in future secure the independence of France against the attacks of coalesced Europe.

The naval power of France* has also since the general peace received a development which now renders it an object of serious and well-founded alarm to this country. The application of steam to navigation has neutralized to a great degree the operation of that consummate seamanship which has hitherto on the ocean enchaind victory to our flag, and by the destructive effect of hollow projectiles, which will in future impart to artillery science an all-paramount importance in naval actions, has fostered in the minds of the French people the conviction, that henceforward they may contend with us with equality on our own element.

The late report of the naval commission on the steam navy of France, indicates but too clearly the unceasing anxiety, the fixed determination of the government, to impart the highest degree of intensity to an arm with which they dream of one day being able to strike a death-blow at our maritime supremacy. Thus in addition to 36 ships of the line, 59 heavy frigates, 31 corvettes, 55 brigs, and 144 smaller crafts, manned by 37,000 seamen, France possesses—

18 Steamers of 450 Horse Power.	
26 “ 550 to 220 “	
38 “ 220 to 150 “	

While her ports and arsenals ring with the din of preparation, while every branch of the naval department is actively employed in concentrating their united efforts to the attainment of one great object—the increase of the navy—the whole maritime frontier, from Dunkerque to St. Jean de Luz, is assuming a defensive attitude that will sport with the aggressive means of all the navies in Europe. Stone walls and hollow shot, henceforward, will be found an overmatch even for the destructive and concentrated fire of line-of-battle-ships, and Acre in all probability will be the last chapter in the history of great naval bombardments.

Formidable as is the power of France from her extent and riches, and above all from her present invulnerability on her own soil, she is still more so from the moral and social condition of her people, from their love of conquest, and passion for military glory. The French revolution has not merely ruffled the surface of society, it has descended into its deepest and most hidden recesses;

and, on the other hand, the capital be uncovered, the army must narrowly watch every movement of the enemy—not only accept but gain every battle—abandon the frontier fortresses to their fate—and, in case of reverse, retire on the capital. And there what could it effect, if art had made no preparations for defence? What could be expected from the energy of a population without a rampart, in presence of a superior force?

* In the year 1847 the navy of France will consist of 240 sailing vessels and 120 steamers. The maritime inscription of France numbers at present 125,000 men!

every link in the national chain, from the noble to the peasant, has experienced its powerful influence; and the talent and enterprise, which but for its operation might have been doomed to vegetate over the plough, or the anvil, have been suddenly called forth, strangely and irresistibly impelled into a more extended sphere, and a more splendid line of action, and have brought within the compass of every class all the great prizes in the vast lottery of human life. The institutions and government of France, her system of education, which diffuses extensively general information in the place of sound practical knowledge, the cultivation of physical science instead of deep moral instruction, are calculated in an extraordinary manner to foster in every rank of society those ambitious aspirations which can only find a fitting field of operation in revolution or war.

If this picture be a correct one, it becomes a matter of deep importance to investigate what is likely to happen in a country composed of such loose materials, and despotically acted upon by the gigantic force of a representative legislature, and a press virulent in its hatred to England. To dream that a pacific era in the history of mankind has at length arrived, that commercial and manufacturing interests are henceforward to govern the world, betrays a lamentable knowledge of human nature, and of the sure operation of those fierce and unrestrained passions that have in every age produced the most important changes in human affairs. National hatred, national vanity, national revenge, are all conspiring in France for a crusade against this country. With matchless skill, with consummate sagacity, the present accomplished monarch of France has succeeded hitherto in bridling this whirlwind of popular passions, but will his successor, even if he possess the disposition, will he possess the conservative power of his father? Will he be able—to pursue our questions further—to repress that restless spirit, those fiery energies, that sported even with the genius of Napoleon? “I was forced,” says the emperor in his memoirs, “into war by the force of imperious necessity. In France something new must be accomplished every three months, to gratify the inordinate cravings of the popular appetite for novelty.” If an external vent be not skilfully prepared for the fiery passions, the insatiable ambition, and lofty aspirations of La Jeune France, it will, Saturn-like, prey upon its own offspring. Another reign of terror will darken the horizon of France, and deluge her fields with blood; but this time the revolutionary force will not be directed against aristocratic privilege, it will have entered a new phasis: it will be a wide-spreading crusade against property, “*la guerre aux riches!*” the wild theory of the Socialist; the reconstruction, by a more equal distribution of property, of society upon an entire new basis.

So long as Louis Philippe lives the “*entente cordiale*” between the two governments at least may be preserved; but how frail is the existence of a state of things which is based on the life of one man, now in his 72d year!

Invariable laws govern the course of human events; each generation blindly and inevitably follows an impulse, which from behind discharges its appointed task in the great unbroken chain of causes and effects, and transmits the same irresistible force, to operate with equal power on the succeeding race. It was the popular belief of antiquity that, after the revolution of the Platonic

year, events which had once occurred in the world would be enacted over again. Hence the lines of the Roman poet—

"Alter erit tum Tiphys et altera quæ vehat Argo
Delectos heroas : erunt etiam altera bella
Atque iterum ad Trojam, magnus mittitur Achil-
les."

If then the page of history teaches us that human events move in an invariable cycle, what is there, in the character and condition of our own generation, to warrant the supposition that it will be exempted from the sure operation of those fixed principles on which mankind is developed? If there exist in the world men who dream of one day seeing realized that Utopia of the Abbé de St. Pierre, *la paix perpétuelle*, we are not of the number; on the contrary, we fear that on the demise of the present French monarch, a war with France may be predicted with almost mathematical certainty.

The idea of terminating the hereditary rivalry of the two nations by an invasion, has long been entertained by the French, and the ready zeal with which every department in France responded to the call of Napoleon indicated but too clearly its general popularity.

The preparation made by Napoleon in 1804 and 5 for the invasion of England, is perhaps the most extraordinary monument of his activity, foresight, and skill. But steam will now greatly simplify the means of execution. On the first rupture with this country, the experiment will be tried. Combined with two powerful diversions—one in Ireland and the other in the Humber—150,000 French troops, landed on the Essex or the Sussex coast, will make a dash on the capital. The centralized character of modern governments and institutions renders the occupation of an enemy's capital a decisive operation of war. If our governmental institutions are less centralized than those of France, our capital is the financial centre of the universe; the effect on our credit alone, by the presence on our shores of an invading army, might produce through our artificial and complicated state of society a panic, that would convulse the social fabric to its very foundations. Neither from a people enervated by commerce and accustomed to view every great question through the medium of their material interests, could we expect the heroic sacrifice, the generous spirit of self-devotion, that would unhesitatingly immolate the capital on the altar of patriotism. Once masters of the capital, the enemy might dictate the most ignominious terms of peace. The independence of Ireland, the cession of Gibraltar and Malta to their former masters, the dismemberment of our colonial empire, an enormous contribution for the expenses of the war, the reconstruction of our government on a more democratic basis, terms that would reduce Great Britain from the proud place she now occupies, to the rank of a third-rate power. The plan of campaign, based on an accurate knowledge of the moral, political, military and financial statistics of England, on the attachment of her population to their government and institutions, on a profound calculation of the obstacles and resources of every kind that the invader will have to encounter, will be rapidly executed, and marked by all those powers of strategic combination that so distinguish the French Staff. To accomplish these designs, on the first outbreak of hostilities, France will assemble on her northern shores a vast

armament. Its force may be approximatively estimated as follows:

FRENCH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

	Men.	Horses.	Guns.	Caissons and Wagons.
Infantry,	160,000	400		
Cavalry,	20,000	20,000		
Artillery,	5,000	13,000	420	985
Wagon train, 14 companies conducting reserve infantry ammunition, each caisson containing 22,000 rounds and ten days' rations in biscuits	2,300	3,800		950
Non-combatants	12,700			
	200,000	37,200	420	1,935

A park of siege artillery, and ammunition for a campaign. 10,000 sheep; 200,000 loads forage; provisions for one month; 100,000 stand of arms.

MEANS OF TRANSPORT.

160 steam transports, capable of conveying 2 battalions each, or 1600 men; 300 vessels, specially constructed with a small screw propeller, to convey 140 horses each, and the artillery to cover the landing—each steamer to take two of these vessels in tow.

DISTRIBUTION.

Right Wing.	Centre.	Left Wing.
Between Calais and Dunkirk. For the Humber. 20,000 men. 25 steamers.	Cherbourg and Boulogne. To march on London. 150,000 men. 100 steamers.	Brest. Destined for Ireland. 30,000 men. 35 steamers.

For his projected invasion of this country, Napoleon, in 1805, had collected 2293 small crafts of different descriptions. The above state will show how greatly all the details of the means of transport will now be simplified.

The difficulty of effecting the passage of the channel would, we admit, be great; but numerous as are the chances that would militate against it, still the enterprise, tactically speaking, is *not impossible*. It might be effected under the cover of a dark night or a dense fog; by a skilful combination that would impart to the French a temporary command of the channel, and which Napoleon was once on the eve of accomplishing; or by the consequences of an action in the channel with the French covering squadron, which would oblige the British, if even victorious, to regain their own ports to refit; for such is the destructive power of modern artillery, that naval actions will henceforward be distinguished by more equal results than has hitherto marked their operation. Again; the history of our wars with France affords the amplest proofs of the impossibility of maintaining a continued blockade of her coast. In 1796 Hoche escaped from Brest, and by the elements alone was baffled in his attempt to invade Ireland. Three years after, in spite of our blockading squadron, the French expedition got out of Toulon, captured Malta, and effected a landing in Egypt. In 1805, a similar success marked the operations of the French fleet under Villeneuve, by whose want of decision alone the combination of Napoleon to unite 50 sail of the line in the channel, failed. In fact our highest naval authorities, and we need only quote the great names of St. Vincent and

Nelson, have proclaimed that the navy alone is inadequate to the defence of the country.

"History," says Bolingbroke, "is the philosophy of teaching by example." If we turn, therefore, to her instructive page, we shall find, standing like a beacon on the ocean rocks of Time, the name of Aigospotamos, to warn nations of the danger and folly of reposing in blind security on their fancied maritime supremacy. Let the ignominious fate that befel the Athenian people, after the victory of Lysander, be a lesson to us. Nay more, let us bear in mind the words of Demosthenes at a later period of their history, when warning them against the designs of Philip:—"It is your weakness that constitutes his strength—your apathetic indolence and blind security that will ensure his success."

Having succinctly exposed the naval and military power of France, the social condition of her people, and the operation of those causes that almost entail on their government war as an absolute necessity, we shall now examine our own moral and material means of defence—the national resources by which must be resisted the storm that sooner or later will burst upon our shores; in other words—how 150,000 Frenchmen, landed within three marches of our capital, are to be beaten back! When once we are acquainted with the general outline and form of a particular territory, and have equally examined the frontier configuration of the neighboring countries from which hostilities are to be apprehended, it is not difficult to determine the direction a war will assume.

It is obvious, from the relative geography of Great Britain and France, which, from Margate to the Land's-End, and from Dunkirk to Brest, are parallel to each other and at no great distance, that the maritime and channel coasts of Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire, Hampshire, Sussex, Kent, and Essex, would be the points of attack. From their propinquity to London, the three latter would, in all probability, be made the theatre of French operations.

From Dover and Calais, the shores of France and England mutually recede both to the north and south. From Cherbourg to the Isle of Wight, the distance is 63 miles; from Boulogne to Rye, 40; from Calais to Dover, 25; from Dunkirk to the Nore, 45; and from the same point to the Humber, 270; from Brest to the southern coast of Ireland, the distance is 300.

The maritime frontier of Kent and Sussex may be divided into three parts: 1st, from Portsmouth to Dover; 2d, from Dover to Margate; and 3d, from the latter point to Sheerness. The distance from these lines to London varies from 56 to 70 miles, and to Chatham from 30 to 35. Between Portsmouth and Sheerness there are five great headlands, and between them nine bays exclusive of smaller inlets. One half of this frontier is composed of cliffs, forming an imposing barrier; the other is flat and unprotected by natural obstacles. A few miles in rear of this shore, a chain of downs extend from Portsmouth to Beechy Head. Behind Pevensey and Romsey the ground rises gradually until it reaches Hythe, behind which again and Folkestone, the hills form a chain of natural bastions. The centre of Kent, from Dover to Chatham, is one continued chain of hills. Dover and Deal are the two keys of our maritime frontier. Between Deal and Harwich is the sea base of an equilateral triangle of about forty miles each way, of which the Nore forms the acute point—

Kent and Essex the two land sides. The interval of this great triangle and the Straits of Dover are the two great contiguous channels through which nearly one half of the commerce of England circulates, and are in immediate contact with the centre of government. Deal, by its geographical position, commands the whole maritime face of Kent, Essex, the mouths of the Thames and the Medway.

From Deal and Dover to Folkestone there are about 8 miles of bold and insurmountable cliffs, thence a flat shore of 30 miles extends to Winchelsea, and from that point to Hastings 7 miles of steep rocks, to which succeeds another level of about 20 miles to Eastbourne. From Eastbourne, or rather from Beechy Head, a line of tremendous cliffs extend to Seaford; between this town and New Haven, there is a small bay and flat of 5 miles, formed by the estuary of the Ouse; from whence a range of chalk cliffs is prolonged to 9 miles to the west of Brighton, when the shore becomes flat and continues so to Portsmouth.

The south segment of Ireland, Munster and Connaught, between Galway and Waterford, which would become the theatre of French invasion, abounds with excellent harbors. Within a sea-line of 300 miles, there are Waterford, Cork, Kinsale, Crookhaven, Bantry, Kenmare, Shannon, Galway, Sligo, Donegal, Lough Swilly, and Foyle. But along this extended line of coast both in Ireland and England, there are only two fortified points of any importance—Plymouth and Portsmouth; all the rest are comparatively defenceless—or where defences once existed, they have been allowed to fall into decay. The increase of the numerical strength of the navy, and the defences making along the coast, is a proof that government are preparing for coming events.

But it will be impossible to effectually defend with batteries and fortifications our extended line of coast. Such a system of defence, from the immense dissemination of force it would require, would present all the defects inherent to the Cordon. The essential would be, to cover the most vulnerable points of the coasts and the approaches to our great naval and military establishments, holding our force well in hand on a central position, ready to rapidly move on the point of disembarkation. A system of national defence adequate to fulfil the conditions of its institution, must be perfect in all its parts. It is not from the south that danger alone is to be apprehended; it may one day come from the north, in the shape of a Russian armament from the Baltic. The annals of our country, at a remote period it is true, present the example of a double and simultaneous invasion, from the shores of Scandinavia and those of Normandy. It is necessary, therefore, to be prepared for every contingency, and to establish a well-combined and general system of defence; and as this necessity is derived from causes permanent in their operation, our preparations must be marked by a corresponding durability of character.

A perfect and comprehensive system of national defence requires upon each frontier a line of fortresses, in ratio to their extent and configuration. Upon each great line of invasion, one or two fortified positions connected with the frontier and the interior of the country by a chain of posts to cover and facilitate the movements of the defensive army; and in the centre of the kingdom a great place of arms, under cover of which, in case of disaster, a last struggle for national independence might be

made. But above all, the capital itself must be secured against a *coup de main*; for if the heart of a state be uncovered, it is useless to fortify its extremities. In fact, the military power of a state is in ratio to the invulnerability of its capital. If we carefully study the environs of London, we shall discover that they present many natural obstacles to the progress of an enemy, whom we may suppose advancing by the side of Kent or Essex, by the Thames, or by all, on the metropolis. These obstacles may be improved by art; and if the people be trained to arms, animated with sufficient resolution and patriotism to unite *en masse*, to dispute inch by inch the several lines of defence prepared for them, the whole island might in the mean time rally and come to its succor, and assail on every side the enemy's line of operation while vigorously held in check in front.

For this purpose we would propose an intrenched camp at Tilbury Fort and Gravesend, to connect Kent and Essex, and oppose a barrier to the approach of the capital by the Thames. In Essex, the establishment of two strong camps—one at Warley near Brentford, and another at Chelmsford. In Kent, a camp at Canterbury to cover Chatham and Sheerness; a second, at Coxheath; and a third, near Guildford, in Surrey. As a second line, on the right bank of the Thames, a line of posts extending from Shooter's Hill to Kingston; and on the left, another from the Isle of Dogs to the heights of Hampstead and Highgate. Connected by our system of railway communication, these camps would be rendered doubly strong, from the facility they would afford of rapidly concentrating the mass of the defensive forces on the point of attack. Lastly, a steam flotilla to defend the passage of the Thames, and keep up a communication between its two banks. By thus placing the capital in a posture of defence, it will enable the regular army to operate more freely on the flanks and rear of the enemy's line of operation, and afford time for the resources of the country to advance to its relief.

"In war," says Marmont, in his Memoirs, and more especially for great monarchies, "time is everything. A few hours have often decided the fate of a state." Since, therefore, so much depends on the possession of a capital, it must not be abandoned to the chance of a single battle. But these preparations alone would not be sufficient. Military roads and fortresses are the mere accessories of a system of defence. While the former facilitate the rapid concentration of troops on the point of danger—the object of all fortification, from the simple field-work to the most profound conceptions of Vauban, Cormontaigne, or Montalembert, is to gain time, to enable the national resources to concentrate and hurl the invader from the soil. It is by strong arms and bold hearts that a nation is to be defended: if these do not exist, resistance is unavailing—submission the bitter alternative. With a line of military communication such as the world before or since has never beheld, extending from the Solway Firth to the Euphrates, from the Baltic to the Atlas, in possession of every strategic point, Rome fell before the rude barbarians of the north. In our own times, in 1806, Prussia with the finest army in Europe was prostrated at a single blow. "Ce n'est pas," says Montesquieu, "la fortune qui domine le monde; il y a des causes générales, soit morales soit physiques, qui agissent dans chaque monarchie, l'élèvent, la maintiennent, ou la précipitent. Tous les accidens sont soumis à des causes, et si le hasard d'une bataille, c'est à dire une cause

particulière a ruiné un état, il y avait une cause générale qui faisait que cet état devait périr par une bataille."

To the self-same cause, at such distant periods of history, may be attributed the fall of Rome and Prussia—to an interior vice in their military institutions, viz., the absence of national reserves. The fundamental condition of national defence is a numerous and powerfully constituted army, and a judicious and well-organized system of reserves. Now, apart from our maritime supremacy, Great Britain is at this moment in every other point lamentably deficient. Our regular army, which barely exceeds 130,000 men, is disseminated over the four quarters of the globe.* For the defence of Great Britain and Ireland we could not muster 45,000 men, half of which is at present required to keep the population of the latter island in subjection. To these may be added the recently organized pensioners and the yeomanry, neither of which would be found to constitute a very material element of military strength: while the province of the former would be of a purely sedentary character, that of the latter would be solely confined to the duties of light cavalry; and, therefore, as a constituent part of the line of battle, from their want of solidity and tactical instruction, they could not be depended upon. To this view of the case it may be opposed, that there is the militia; but this once powerful and constitutional force no longer exists but on paper. Whether it has been allowed to fall into decay from mistaken motives of economy or from political considerations, is a question we shall not enter into. Our province is to record facts, not to discuss opinions. The sordid spirit of the cotton-mill, the bigoted fanaticism of the conventicle, have so weakened all the habits and traditions of the camp, that our once warlike population has become the most unmilitary in Europe—ignorant of the use of arms, of the simplest elements of military instruction and organization. What tactical result could be expected even from a *levée en masse* of our whole population! The enclosed nature of our country, it has been frequently urged, would, like La Vendée, afford great facilities for defence: but even this may be exaggerated. In La Vendée it was the total absence of roads, and not the enclosed nature of the country, which so protracted the operations of the French republican armies. But even did a parallel exist between the two countries, it must be allowed that our rural population does not possess those habits and instincts which render some of our continental neighbors so formidable in guerilla warfare, and which would skilfully turn to advantage this peculiarity of physical configuration. It is, therefore, by dint of discipline and organization alone, that they can be made subservient to military purposes.

Now the value of a *levée en masse* in a military point of view, under the most favorable circumstances, must greatly depend on the attachment which the people bear to their institutions and government. On the absence of this feeling, eminently diffused throughout the mass, Napoleon calculated as an element of success. A rapid glance at the moral and social condition of the people of England may enable our readers to form some estimate of how far this hypothesis of the French emperor has increased or diminished at the present day.

While wealth has increased in an unparalleled

*The war in the Punjab and the Oregon question will require large reinforcements both to India and Canada.

degree among the commercial and manufacturing classes, suffering and distress have *passibus æquis* afflicted the rural population. With the exception of a few great aristocratic families, the small landed proprietors have been almost entirely rooted up. Again—while population has advanced with gigantic strides, pauperism has more than kept pace with it; and statistical researches have proclaimed the astounding fact, that in an age of unrivalled wealth and long continued peace and commercial prosperity, “*one seventh part of the whole inhabitants of the British Islands are in a state of utter destitution, or painfully supported by legal relief.*” The history of the last forty years teems with decisive evidence of the vast increase of crime and destitution. In spite of all the efforts made to extend the religious establishments of the state, or augment the means of moral and intellectual instruction among the people, hitherto they have had no perceptible effect in checking those habits of sensuality, improvidence, and intemperance, which exhibit an increase of crime that exceeds in a ten-fold ratio the march of population; so great is the depravity of character, the increase of crime among the people, from the continual accumulation of property on the one hand, and the consequent depression of industry on the other, that the opinion almost universally diffused among the laboring classes is, that the gains of the employers are scandalously great, and wrung out of their heart's blood; hence the profound jealousy and bitter hatred they nourish in their hearts towards their masters. The mere increase of national wealth has not added to either our security, our strength, or our happiness; on the contrary, it has sensibly impaired them all. It is not on the increase, but on the distribution of wealth, that the welfare and happiness of society depend. When it runs into a few hands, the great bulk of the population will invariably be in a state of degradation and distress. And the reason is obvious: these vast accumulations of wealth are the result of diminishing the cost of production—the wages of labor. Thus society is in an unstable equilibrium—it rests on the colossal possessions of a few, but has no hold on the affections or interests of the great majority of the community, and is liable to be violently overturned by the first shock of adverse fortune. In the decay of our rural population, the mainstay of a nation, in their poverty and destitution, we behold, under different names it is true, all those dreadful social evils which corroded the Roman empire, and, in the end, overturned the dominion of the Legions. Any serious external disaster—any considerable internal suffering, may at once overturn our whole fabric of society, and, as in Rome of old, expose the wealth of the rich as a tempting plunder to the cupidity of the poor.

Again—from the strong democratic infusion which the reform bill and other concomitant measures have introduced into the machinery of our government—the conflict of antagonistic interests struggling for mastery in our legislature, so fettering by their baneful operation the march of the executive—it is a question if that form of government which, by the fortunate combination of its constituent elements, has hitherto proved itself so well adapted to all the purposes of a small free state, may not be found in critical moments inadequate to the exigencies of a great empire. Be this as it may, certain it is, that the operation of the causes we have enumerated has not improved the spirit of our population, or strengthened their attachment to their institutions.

“Patriotism,” says Gibbon, “is a strong sense of our own interest in the preservation and prosperity of a free government of which we are members.” But what interest in the independence of a state can the obscure million possibly possess, whose existence from the cradle to the grave is one unceasing struggle with misery and destitution? What to them are the unsubstantial visions of liberty and greatness, compared with the solid substance of bread?

The creation of an army of reserve is therefore at once a great constitutional measure, and the fundamental condition of a good system of national defence. Whether the period for calling it into existence has arrived, is a question for the common sense and the common feeling of the country to decide. But it must not be forgotten, that armies are not created at the “fiat of a minister, as Minerva came all armed from the brain of Jove.” To obtain the three essential conditions of a powerfully constituted army—organization, discipline, and tactical instruction—considerable time is required; but much more to inspire the troops composing it with that mutual and well founded confidence without which courage is useless and enterprise hopeless.

Accustomed to every mode and shape of taxation, it remains to be seen if, to secure its independence, the nation must not further submit to the tax of blood. If we do not retain all the essentials of a military state, our greatness will vanish like a dream. Woe to the nation that asks, not if an enterprise be just and honorable, but what it will bring! A people accustomed to view every question through the medium of the funds or the demand for their manufactures, in the hour of danger will be found to be incapable either of the energy of resistance, or the generosity of sacrifice. So true is it that, during a long interval of peace, the human mind loses that force and energy so essential for great things: genius and military spirit decline, and the corruption of taste follows the decline of genius.

It is therefore a question worthy of the consideration of government, if the Landwehr system of Prussia, modified *ad hoc*, could be applied in this country for the creation of an army of reserve. Among the manifold advantages of this system would be, the progressive dissemination throughout our population of those military habits which they are now so lamentably deficient in, and thereby ensure the creation of a powerful and constitutional force: that would render our regular army more disposable for the defence of our colonial possessions, and more particularly of Ireland, for to that part of our empire under existing circumstances the measure could not be applied.

Ireland with her disaffected population, the extent and vulnerability of her maritime frontier, the total absence of interior defences, is at once our weak point, and, in the event of a war, would become one of the preliminary objects of France. We have, at this moment of profound and universal peace, 30,000 men in that country; but double that force would be required for its defence under such a contingency, certain as it would be to be made the theatre of a powerful French diversion. It should be constantly borne in mind that the object of the French is not to conquer, but to ruin England. When Massena was once asked, if the object of Napoleon's preparations in 1804 was the conquest of this country—“Bah!” he replied: “la conquérir personne n'y songea; il s'agissait seulement de la ruiner; de la laisser dans un état

tel que personne n'en aurait convoité la possession."

To obtain this result—to ruin and humiliate her old hereditary foe, France will hesitate at no sacrifice. What, in fact, to her, in such an enterprise, would be the loss of 150,000 men? For far less important political objects has she not sacrificed greater hosts amid the snows of Russia, the mountains of Spain, and on the ensanguined plains of Germany! But it is not from France alone that danger is to be apprehended. Russia and America are both watching their time to inflict on us some deadly blows. They regard our magnificent colonial empire with envy and cupidity, and already calculate their respective shares on its general partition. Thus they are silently increasing their naval force, and laugh at that blind security and supineness which condescends to make no preparation for resistance. It is by timely foreseeing danger that it is to be best avoided. It is by a system of national defence adequate to every emergency, that Great Britain can alone maintain her proud position among the nations of the globe. Dark clouds are already gathering in the west: diplomacy may *adjourn* the solution of the Oregon question; but the animus of the American people is not to be mistaken, and sooner or later must lead to an appeal to arms. Once engaged in a war with the United States, how long, with our *exclusive maritime code*, would the *entente cordiale* with France be maintained? From the tribune of the French chambers M. Guizot has already saved us the trouble of answering this question.

The development and execution of a well-organized and comprehensive system of national defence will not only entail on the nation sacrifices of a pecuniary nature, but likewise others of a personal character, which our money-making habits may be unwilling to submit to. Should this be the case, should they neglect the only means of placing on a firm and secure basis the national honor and independence—and what we fear in this chrematistic age is more prized than either—individual property—as we have already observed, a gloomy morning will dawn upon our horizon, which will teach us, when too late, as an element of resistance, the absolute mockery of wealth alone, in an appeal to the sword.

But so great and so varied are the resources of the empire, so high the intelligence, and so untiring the energies of the people, that no cause for alarm exists if timely and adequate precaution be taken. On the contrary, if our resources be carefully husbanded and skilfully directed, we may laugh to scorn the combined aggressions of all Europe; but if, forgetful of the warlike traditions of our ancestors, we concentrate all our energies on one object alone—the accumulation of wealth—ingloriously sink into a degenerate nation of mere cotton-spinners and stock-jobbers—but too soon shall we ignominiously prove to the world that the observation made centuries ago, by the Sire de Coucy to Charles the Fifth of France, was, after all, not the wild dream of an ardent and distempered imagination, but the calm deduction of the soldier and the statesman:—"Les Anglais ne sont jamais si foibles, ni si aisés vaincre que chez eux."

LORD PALMERSTON IN PARIS.

LORD Palmerston has made his triumphant entry into Paris in a post-chaise, and has not been stoned. No *émeute* welcomed him. The Parisians, restored to their natural and calm good sense, thought more

of the *œufs de Paques* than of the Anglo-French hostility or alliance; and not even a penman indited a diatribe on the occasion of his lordship's advent.

As to the circles of what are called *la société*, Lord Palmerston was as welcome there as the flowers of the month to come. And as to his being an object of aversion or jealousy, one might as well have imagined that a noble winner at Newmarket should be turned out of the Jockey Club in consequence of his ability and luck, as that the name and presence of a successful and spirited statesman should excite any other feeling than respect in the breasts of those with whom he had politically dealt.

And after all, how small and insignificant are the causes of grudge which might exist in the breasts of the French king and people against England and her whig foreign minister, compared with the causes of obligation and friendship. Lord Palmerston aided France, and, identified with France, the liberal prospects of Europe most sensibly in three great questions, in Belgium, in Italy, in Spain. These are now the bulwarks of French influence, and the *nucleus* of western resistance to eastern absolutism. Without English support, that is, without the zealous and able support of a minister like Lord Palmerston, Louis Philippe could never have taken up the position which he has done in Europe, at least without a successful war. Without English support, France must have either yielded to absolutist dictation, or have undergone the risk of war in resisting it. And even success in that war brought its dangers to the throne of Louis Philippe and to the prospects of his dynasty.

What are the events of Syria, or the scratches which they inflicted on the *amour propre* of France, compared with the solid benefits conferred by the alliance and support of the English liberals to that country? Absolutely nothing; specks, that would disappear in history, if contemporary politicians had not magnified them for party purposes. If Lord Palmerston was the agent in inflicting the scratches, his, too, was the frank and cordial hand which held forth the benefits. And Louis Philippe is too mindful a sovereign to forget the latter in the former. Lord Palmerston and the whigs were the friends of France and of the French king when there was risk and obloquy in being so, when Europe was hostile, when war was possible, and when an alliance to oppose eastern Europe and war had need of activity and courage and address, in proposing and in upholding it.

The tories, indeed, have wisely chosen to continue that amity with France, which they, and which Lord Aberdeen himself, vituperated the whigs for commencing and persevering in. The tories do so when there is neither risk nor need; when it requires neither activity, nor courage, nor anything, indeed, save a *laissez-aller* policy. The whigs built the nest of the Anglo-French alliance, and the tories, who did their best to prevent its being built, are now, cuckoo-like, hatching their political eggs therein.

We are not, then, in the least surprised that Lord Palmerston should receive a cordial welcome at the Tuileries, in the palace, as well as in the capital of France. There is certainly no statesman in Europe who, all his acts considered, more fully deserves that welcome; and we are glad to see the French noble and generous enough to overlook trifles, and remember solid acts of friendship. Whatever political party in this country attains to power, its chiefs can entertain but the one policy towards France, that of the most cordial friendship, which the French themselves will admit.—*Examiner*

From the United Service Magazine.

THE LOSS OF THE JOHN ADAMS.

AFTER an arduous voyage from Boston, down along the coast of America, round Cape Horn and upwards again, the John Adams, a snug brig of about 250 tons burden, arrived within about two days' sail of the Oregon coast, where it was intended to trade in peltries. The John Adams was the property of an adventurous Boston merchant, who, anxious to profit by some of the advantages offered by trading on that distant coast, had despatched her in the year 1840 on a two years' voyage. The commanding officer, recognized on board as Captain Defence Williams, was the son of the merchant, and himself part-owner of the vessel. His subordinates were excellent sailors; his crew numbered eighteen, including a few Sandwich Islanders; while a Mr. Henry of New York had accompanied him, merely for the love of excitement, and with a desire to explore strange and almost undiscovered regions. From this gentleman, who, from similar motives, was on board the Texian brig-of-war Galveston, 18 guns, in company with the writer, I received the details of the narrative which succeeds.

As it was intended to trade in the first instance with the Wakash nation, a wide berth was given to the mouth of the Columbia, lest the agents of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company should be made aware of this intention, and thus frustrate the views of their American competitors. A strict look-out, however, was kept for land, as it was very desirable that some point should be recognized, by which to gain an idea of their true position. Early on the morning of the 9th of June, all parties were in eager expectation, and the captain with his mates, and his friend Mr. Henry were on deck, their eyes fixed in the direction where it was expected land would be discovered. The brig was under full sail, carrying even small royals; and being on a wind with the starboard tacks aboard, the mainsail was furled and the huge trisail substituted in its stead. Two men, one on the main, the other on the fore cross trees, were on the look-out, while those on deck anxiously awaited their report. For some time, however, not a word was spoken, the captain and his friend walking the weather quarter-deck without exchanging a word.

"We must be close on board the mouth of the Columbia," said Captain Williams, thoughtfully. "Fort George must lie out yonder. I cannot say I am over fond of seeing the British flag flying, but just now it would be satisfactory to catch a faint glimpse of it."

"You think, then, we are abreast of Astoria? Would to heaven it were still so called!" replied my friend Henry,

"So I believe," continued Williams; "and fervently acquiesce in your wish."

"Below!" cried a voice from the main cross-trees.

"What is it, sir?" exclaimed Captain Defence Williams.

"A heavy squall coming down from to leeward, sir," said the look-out.

Williams and Henry flew to the contrary side of the quarter-deck, and there plain enough were all the signs of a tremendous squall, or perhaps gale, from the nor'-west, setting rapidly upon them. The sky was dark and mizy, a lurid and fearful-looking mist was hanging on the face of

the waters, and pouring down upon them like a race horse. The sky was black as night, while at the same instant a lull in the former stiff breeze took place, succeeded almost immediately by a dismal and unnatural calm. Captain Williams eyed all these signs with a keen glance, and then turned towards his mate.

"All hands shorten sail," he cried, "furl the royals!"

Up rushed two boys to obey this latter order, while the mate hurried to bring from below the larboard watch, as yet in happy ignorance of the approaching rude interruption to their slumbers. A few moments brought the whole crew on deck.

"Man the topsail halyard, man the top-gallant clew-lines—let go, clew up, clew down everything. In with every rag on the ship, fore and aft!"

These rapid orders were given as the approaching squall assumed an even uglier appearance than before. Long broken strips of clouds hurried across the heavens, a lurid glare arose from the waters, while ragged pieces of vapor detached themselves from the vast mass and came madly along the gloomy sky. A rushing roaring sound came moaning along the ocean, and all the usual phases of a fearful gale were gradually making themselves manifest. The sea rose and fell in huge masses of dark water, while the western and eastern waves met in wild confusion.

"Haul up the courses," cried Captain Williams, "hard a-weather your helm—stand by to cut away—hard down, hard down!"

The squall, terrific in its violence, struck the good brig on her broad-side with such tremendous force, as to render it a matter of doubt if she would not go over on her beam ends. Captain Williams and his chief mate had each seized a hatchet to provide for this contingency. The ship refused to obey her helm, and the tars raised their axes simultaneously.

"She rights, she rights!" cried Mr. Henry, and at the same instant the steady brig payed off, and in a few minutes was flying right before the wind towards the wild and dangerous coast near the Columbia river—at all events, so the master of the vessel supposed.

On no coast are storms more rapid in their growth, and more dangerous in their progress than upon the sea-board of Oregon. Squalls, particularly at certain seasons of the year, burst upon the unwary mariner with scarcely a moment's warning; and many a good ship, manned by blithesome and joyous souls, has foundered with all on board and been heard of no more. We hear often of those vessels which, after weathering terrific storms, are saved, but of those which perish it is rarely that anything is ever heard.

For more than an hour did the John Adams scud before the tempest, which appeared to increase in violence, under bare poles, until all on board, who knew anything of her position, began to feel alarm at the prospect of running on shore in that tremendous gale, when death to all would have been the inevitable result. To heave to was as yet impossible, and all waited with feverish impatience the moment when the force of the gale should be over. Captain Williams walked the deck with short impatient strides, steadying himself by holding on to the bulwarks. At length the violence of the squall was slightly deadened, and the sky to windward appeared likely to clear up.

"Away, aloft, and reef the topsails," cried

Defence Williams, in a voice that was heard amid the roar of the storm; "take three reefs, cheerily my lads!"

A dozen dark forms flew up the rigging, and the main and foretopsail were soon loosely bellying in the breeze, while cries of "haul taut the weather earing!" &c., rapidly followed. A slight lull succeeded, though it blew still more than half a gale of wind; Williams, however, despite the fierceness of the breeze, resolved to approach no nearer the land.

"Stand by the starboard braces—man the topsail halyards, hoist away. Now, then, aft with the starboard braces. Tacks and sheets with a will. Hard a starboard your helm—so—port a little. Keep her full and by. Ha!" he exclaimed, as a puff as strong as ever laid her nearly on her broadside again. "Hard up, aft your sails!"

As Mr. Henry afterwards remarked, the calm and steady mien of the young commander throughout was what rendered him sanguine of their overcoming the storm, and little doubt exists but that it had its corresponding influence on the men. The weather now appeared disposed to second his efforts, as the might of the squall was clearly at an end. The mist which hung round the good brig cleared away also, and revealed their close proximity to the coast of Oregon. They were in the mouth of a bight with a head a point, where huge breakers were visible, which, as they now headed, it was very doubtful if they could clear, while, were they to go about, a similar obstruction awaited them on the opposite side.

"Set the jib—man the peak halyards, up with the trisail—down with your fore-course," were orders given in rapid succession, and as speedily obeyed. The brig at once felt the influence of the additional sails, and her leeway diminishing so much as to give hope of getting round the point which lay before them in so awkward a position. Again the wind lulled, though the sea yet rose in huge waves that struck violently against the brig's bows, and again the commander crowded on sail.

"Shake out the topsail reefs," cried he—"loose top-gallant-sails—set the staysail!" and once more the gallant vessel, under press of sail, bore up close to the wind, and gave every promise of safely rounding the point. The royals were next set; and then Captain Williams, knowing that all that could be done had been done, took his station on the quarter-deck to watch that the helmsman did his duty. Every effort was made to bring her close to the wind, but as the point was neared, the attempt gradually became more and more problematical.

"Let the light sails lift!" cried the commander in a stern tone, "luff, luff all you can. Steady, so. Loose the anchor. Stand by your halyards, hard up your helm, let go everything, overboard with the anchor. My God! it is too late."

The captain had seen for some minutes that to weather the point was impossible, and the only resource which remained was to anchor until a change of wind, which would be sure to occur in a few hours. Before, however, the necessary orders could be given, the brig struck heavily, and every man was cast to the deck. An uproar, difficult to describe, followed, each man preparing to save himself as he thought best. The voice of the captain, however, soon stilled the tumult. "Silence there on deck. Mr. Edwards," addressing the mate, "out with the boats to leeward; and you, Mr. Thomson, sound the pumps"

The men readily obeyed their captain's orders, and preparations were made to hoist out the four excellent boats which the ship carried, while the carpenter made his experiments on the pumps.

"She is filling fast," said he in a low whisper to the captain.

"It is well," he replied: "she must be abandoned. My men, cheerily with the boats, but hurry not; there is no danger until the sea breaks up her carcass."

He then proceeded to overlook the launching of the boats, and to see that necessities were placed in them. A gun for every man with ample ammunition and lead was the first thing thought of, then bread, and beef, and water, with each man's clothing, knives, colored cloth, mirrors, blankets, &c., for the Indians were next thought of, as there was little doubt these would be much needed during their preparations in search of the Hudson Bay station, before so studiously avoided. These and every other duty performed, another careful examination of the ship took place, and a conference was held between the captain, and the carpenter, and the mate, who all agreed the John Adams would in twelve hours be, in that exposed position, a complete wreck. Captain Defence Williams reluctantly acquiescing in this statement, the men were directed to enter the boats, where their superior officer soon after followed them with a saddened look. The party was divided between the four boats, and their leader directed them to pull for land, where it was determined to encamp until the complete return of fair weather should enable them to follow the coast to the mouth of the Columbia, from which by observation they afterwards found they were distant about thirty miles.

The landing was effected about a hundred yards up a little creek which now bears the name of the unfortunate vessel which had been so unexpectedly wrecked in its vicinity. All around was bleak and barren, while drift wood was all that promised fuel and the means of erecting a shelter. This latter duty at once engaged the attention of the majority, while the captain and his friend, Walter Henry, sauntered along the coast, and towards certain bushes in search of game. An ample supply of wild fowl rewarded their efforts, which, with fish caught in the bayou or creek, afforded a welcome and hearty meal when added to the regular salt beef and biscuit. It was while enjoying this meal that the first cry of Indians arose, and flying to their arms a party of the aborigines was seen approaching cautiously. In number they were about fifty, and from the bold manner in which they advanced were evidently accustomed to white men. Captain Williams directed the whole party to stand to their arms and to be in readiness for a struggle, as he well remembered this to be not very far from the neighborhood where the crew of the Tonquin had been so treacherously slaughtered. Apparently awed by the belligerent appearance of the white men, the savages halted, and two of their party only advanced towards the wrecked seamen. They were met half way by Captain Williams and Mr. Henry, and turned out to be a party of Chinooks, one of that peculiar tribe of Indians, who, by their strange custom of flattening the forehead of their infants, have acquired the name of Flatheads. This process is singular and striking, and is thus succinctly described from the Astorian Journals by Washington Irving. "The process by which this

deformity is effected, commences immediately after birth. The infant is laid in a wooden trough by way of cradle. The end on which the head reposes is higher than the rest; a padding is placed on the forehead of the infant with a piece of bark above it, and is pressed down by cords, which pass through holes on each side of the trough. As the tightening of the padding and the pressing of the head to the board is gradual, the process is said not to be attended with much pain. The appearance of the infant, however, while in this state of compression is whimsically hideous, and 'its little black eyes' we are told, being forced out with the tightness of the bandages resemble those of a mouse choked in a trap. About a year's pressure is sufficient to produce the desired effect, at the end of which time the child emerges from its bandages a complete flat-head, and continues so through life. It must be noted however, that this flattening of the head has something in it of aristocratical significance, like the crippling of the feet among the Chinese ladies of quality. At any rate it is a sign of freedom; no slave is permitted to bestow this enviable deformity upon his child; all the slaves, therefore, are round heads." Many have disputed the possibility of this strange deformity, but all travellers unite in agreeing that such is the case. Farnham, and the American missionaries all speak to the point.

The party proved friendly, and explained as far as they were able that Fort George, or "Georgee Schejotcut," was at no great distance. This was welcome intelligence, for although the American sailors and their officers had at once determined to return to the States overland, yet it would be a great point gained to be at the mouth of the Columbia river, up which they would have to travel about eight hundred miles to the boat encampment at the foot of the rocky mountains. The Chinooks having given all the information in their power, demanded a reward in the shape of "schmoke," as they called tobacco, a little of which was given them, although the Boston trader well knew a few hours would make them more wealthy in this and other articles than any neighboring tribe could almost hope to be. Making, therefore, a virtue of necessity, Williams offered the ship and its contents to the chief, if they would give him a supply of salmon and deer's meat in return. The savage delighted at peaceably obtaining what he had doubtless set his heart on having, clandestinely or by force, despatched the whole of his followers in search of the required supplies. The Chinooks were absent about an hour, when they suddenly appeared rushing down the creek in their long canoes. A very plentiful supply of food was hurriedly laid at the feet of the white men, and then away went the wreckers, bent on their work of destruction.

Meantime a hasty breastwork of drift wood had been raised, within which, covered with the boat's sails and tarpaulins the party all ensconced themselves at night-fall, while by a roaring fire two sentinels were seated, smoking their pipes and quietly watching the movements of the Indians. The night batten without disturbance, and at day-break the sturdy brig, which had borne them so many thousand miles, was found to be parted in two, while all its valuables had been borne away by the

indefatigable Chinooks, who proved themselves most expert wreckers. Williams knew that this might perchance have been prevented by leaving a party in charge while he went for assistance to Fort George, but the lives of those who were left behind would have been placed in fearful jeopardy. The conscientious Bostonian preferred losing his property to undergoing that fearful risk.

At 8 A.M., after a hearty breakfast, the boats all put to sea with a steady land breeze. The launch headed the party, and with hopeful hearts this little gallant band began their journey of, in all probability, some three thousand miles. The onset was prosperous, for about half an hour before sun-down carried them over the bar of the Columbia's mouth, and brought them in sight of Fort George, whilome Astoria, where they were received with genuine English hospitality by the liberal and gentlemanly agents of the Fur Company of Hudson's Bay, perhaps the most vast mercantile association which has ever existed after the East India Company.

Though British in its origin and power, still little is publicly known of this extraordinary trading community. A brief sketch may not be unacceptable. In 1670, Charles the Second granted a charter to certain English merchants, under the style and title of the "Hudson's Bay Company," by which they were entitled to the exclusive privilege of establishing trading ports on Hudson's Bay and its numerous tributaries. The merchants who constituted its proprietors enjoyed a monopoly until 1787, when the "North-West Fur Company of Canada" was organized, which proved a formidable rival. The members of this were Canadian born. Many, and even armed struggles, took place between the rivals, which were so serious, that at length, in 1821, Parliament united them. The consolidated company was of course doubly powerful, and soon possessed themselves of all that vast tract of country, bounded north by the Northern Arctic Ocean, east by the Davis Straits and the Atlantic Ocean, south and south-westwardly by the northern boundaries of the Canadas and a line drawn through the centre of Lake Superior, and thence north-westwardly to the Lake of the Woods, and thence, in the 47° parallel of north latitude, to the Rocky Mountains. They have also leased for twenty years all Russian America, save Sitka, and are in virtual possession of Oregon. Such is a brief statement of the position of a company, whose history, naval, military and commercial, may one day fix our careful attention.

The site of Astoria is three quarters of a mile above the point of land between the Columbia and Clatsop Bay. It was erected on a hill side, once covered by a heavy forest, and known then as Point George. The space cleared away amounts to about four acres. It is rendered too wet for successful cultivation, by numberless springs bursting from the surface, and yet the Astorians made good use of it. The back ground is still a forest rising over lofty hills, while on the other side is the Columbia and its opposite shore of hills covered with pine. Of the American settlement nothing remains but an old batten cedar door. But the Hudson's Bay Company are in possession, and call the fort Fort George.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Lives of the Lindsays; or, a Memoir of the Houses of Crawford and Balcarres.* By LORD LINDSAY. To which are added, Extracts from the Official Correspondence of Alex. Sixth Earl of Balcarres, during the Maroon War; together with Personal Narratives by his Brothers, the Hon. Robert, Colin, James, John, and Hugh Lindsay. 4 vols. 8vo. Wigan, 1840.
2. *Case of James Earl of Balcarres, claiming the Title and Dignities of Earl of Crawford, &c. (in the House of Lords,)* 1845. Pp. 239. folio.

LORD LINDSAY takes for his motto those beautiful lines of Southey:—

“My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.”

He collected and illustrated the memorials of his ancestry with no view to publication, but partly to gratify his own feelings of respect for many excellent progenitors, and partly (we can well believe principally) under the influence of affectionate concern for some younger relations—to whom his volumes are inscribed in a thoughtful and graceful preface. They were printed five years ago—but for private circulation only; so that the extracts which we are about to present will have all the attractions of novelty for most of our readers.

“Every family,” says his lordship, “should have a record of its own. Each has its peculiar spirit, running through the whole line, and, in more or less development, perceptible in every generation. Rightly viewed, as a most powerful but much-neglected instrument of education, I can imagine no study more rife with pleasure and instruction. Nor need our ancestors have been Scipios or Fabii to interest us in their fortunes. We do not love our kindred for their glory or their genius, but for those domestic affections and private virtues that, unobserved by the world, expand in confidence towards ourselves, and often root themselves, like the banian of the East, and flourish with independent vigor in the heart to which a kind Providence has guided them. An affectionate regard for their memory is natural to the heart; it is an emotion totally distinct from pride—an ideal love, free from that consciousness of requited affection and reciprocal esteem, which constitutes so much of the satisfaction we derive from the love of the living. They are denied, it is true, to our personal acquaintance, but the light they shed during their lives survives within their tombs, and will reward our search if we explore them. Be *their* light, then, our beacon—not the glaring light of hercism which emblazons their names in the page of history with a lustre as cold, though as dazzling, as the gold of an heraldic illuminator; but the pure and sacred flame that descends from heaven on the altar of a Christian heart, and that warmed *their* naturally frozen affections till they produced the fruits of piety, purity, and love—evinced in holy thoughts and good actions, of which many a record might be found in the annals of the past, would we but search for them, and in which we may find as strong incentives to virtuous emulation as we

gather every day from those bright examples of living worth, which it is the study of every good man to imitate.—And if the virtues of strangers be so attractive to us, how infinitely more so should be those of our own kindred, and with what additional energy should the precepts of our parents influence us, when we trace the transmission of those precepts from father to son through successive generations, each bearing the testimony of a virtuous, useful, and honorable life to their truth and influence, and all uniting in a kind and earnest exhortation to their descendants, so to live on earth that—followers of Him through whose grace alone we have power to obey Him—we may at last be reunited with those who have been before and those who shall come after us—

‘No wanderer lost,
A family in heaven.’

“Anxious to avoid the suspicion of undue partiality, I have studied to adduce the testimony of contemporaries to the individual merits of our forefathers, rather than indulge myself in those general deductions of character which it would be equally difficult for a critical reader to assent to or disprove. But I may bespeak for them, collectively, a favorable censure—I may even avow that I shall be disappointed if their chequered annals be deemed devoid of a useful and animating moral. You will find them in peace and war, ‘under the mantle as the shield,’ equally eminent—brave warriors in the field, and wise statesmen in the cabinet; you will contemplate the grandeur which they attained in the hour of prosperity—the devotion with which they perilled all, when gratitude and duty demanded the sacrifice. You will follow them to their homes, and will there recognize many whom you may love—many whom, I hope, you will imitate; men, not ashamed of being Christians—women, meek and humble, yet in the hour of need approving themselves, in the highest sense of the word, heroines; while from the example of both you may, under God’s blessing, learn the great, the all-important lesson, that conviction of our own utter unworthiness and faith in the atoning blood of our Redeemer, can alone give us peace in life, divest dissolution of its terrors, and hallow the remembrance of a death-bed to the survivors.

“Be grateful, then, for your descent from religious, as well as from noble, ancestors; it is your duty to be so, and this is the only worthy tribute you can now pay to their ashes. Yet, at the same time, be most jealously on your guard lest this lawful satisfaction degenerate into arrogance, or a fancied superiority over those nobles of God’s creation, who, endowed in other respects with every exalted quality, cannot point to a long line of ancestry. Pride is of all sins the most hateful in the sight of God, and of the proud, who is so mean, who so despicable as he that values himself on the merits of others!—And were they all so meritorious, these boasted ancestors? were they all Christians!—Remember, remember—if some of them have deserved praise, others have equally merited censure—if there have been ‘stainless knights,’ never yet was there a stainless family since Adam’s fall. ‘Where then is boasting!’—for we would not, I hope, glory in iniquity.

‘Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust!’

“And, after all, what little reason has Europe

to plume herself on ancestral antiquity! Not one of our most venerable pedigrees can vie with that of a Rajpoot of India or a Rechabite of the desert: nor is it but to our Christian birth that we owe a temporary superiority to the 'dispersed of Judah' and the 'outcasts of Israel,' whose fathers bent before the Ark of the covenant when ours were nameless idolaters.

"One word more.—Times are changed, and in many respects we are blessed with knowledge beyond our fathers, yet we must not on that account deem our hearts purer or our lives holier than theirs were. Nor, on the other hand, should we for a moment assent to the proposition, so often hazarded, that the virtues of chivalry are necessarily extinct with the system they adorned. Chivalry, in her purity, was a holy and lovely maiden, and many were the hearts refined and ennobled by her influence, yet she proclaims to us no one virtue that is not derived from and summed up in Christianity. The 'age of chivalry' may be past—the knight may no more be seen issuing from the embattled portal-arch, on his barbed charger, his lance glittering in the sun, his banner streaming to the breeze—but the spirit of chivalry can never die; through every change of external circumstances, through faction and tumult, through trial and suffering, through good report and evil report, still that spirit burns, like love, the brighter and the purer—still, even in the nineteenth century, lights up its holiest shrine, the heart of that champion of the widow, that father of the fatherless, that liegeman of his God, his king, and his country—the noble-hearted but lowly-minded Christian gentleman of England."—*Preface*, p. xv.

Thus ends the preface to one of the very best specimens of family history that our language affords. It is in great part a compilation;—the third and fourth volumes are chiefly occupied by personal narratives, left in MS. by Lindsays of the two last generations—and the older history of the race is largely interspersed with letters and documents now first disinterred, with quotations from the monastic and chivalric chronicles of Scotland, and with details extracted from the richly picturesque records of her criminal jurisprudence. But compilation, in the hands of Lord Lindsay, is a very different thing from what we commonly understand by that term. It is a work demanding delicate skill. With him nothing is compiled to save the trouble of composition—every fragment has been studiously chosen—and the whole are so dexterously arranged, and most of them so neatly inlaid upon his own narrative, that we have the charm of variety, without ceasing to lean on our guide or to feel the worth of his guidance.

Should Lord Lindsay ever think fit to give the public access to these collections, he may improve the earlier chapters in some respects by availing himself of the elaborate case recently prepared for his father the Earl of Balcarres, as claiming the honors of the elder earldom of Crawford—the oldest Scottish earldom that has not merged in a dukedom or marquise. The case bears the signature of Mr. Riddell—the first peerage lawyer of this age in Scotland—we believe it would not be too much to say, the first genealogical antiquary in Britain; and it is the masterpiece of his diligence and ingenuity. Whether it ought to satisfy the house of lords, we are not so presumptuous as to express or even to form an opinion. But it will survive their lordships' (favorable or unfavorable) decision, as a monument of research and a mine of

lore, not equalled since the days of David Dalrymple;—and meantime it will not only enable Lord Lindsay to enlarge the number of his genealogical links, but supply several curious particulars to heighten the interest of his biographical sketches.

There is no doubt that the Lindsays were one of the many Norman families who settled in England under the Conqueror—and that they took their surname from an English fief—though it is not clear whether that fief was Lindesey in Essex or Lyndesey in Lincolnshire. Two brothers of the race, Walter and William, established themselves in Scotland early in the twelfth century; but though they both obtained great possessions, and founded powerful houses there, it is fully proved that during several subsequent generations they kept up a close connexion with their kinsmen of the same name that remained seated in England; and among those of the same name we must include the important house of *Limesay*—for that name is in sense identical and in sound all but so with Lindesay—both meaning the Isle of Limes—the tree having been pronounced and written *Line* or *Lime* indiscriminately down to a much later period*—and the original arms of Lindesay and Limesay were exactly the same. Down to the commencement of the wars caused by Edward the First's artful ambition, the Anglo-Norman knights who contrived so rapidly to supplant almost all the aboriginal landholders of Southern Scotland—nay, from whom the great majority of the remoter northern nobles are descended—continued in intimate relations with those of their blood in England. The same person in numerous cases held great fiefs in both kingdoms, and not seldom in the duchy of Normandy also. The Scotch and the English Lyndesays frequently intermarried under the earlier Norman reigns; and in the thirteenth century the senior Scotch branch, after having intermarried with the original Celtic royal house, ended in an heiress, who carried its estates into the illustrious French family of De Coucy; as representing which house of De Coucy, thus intermixed with the blood of Lindsay, that primæval Scotch royalty is at this day represented directly by the Duchess of Angoulême—of whom France was not worthy.

The *De Coucys* did not long hold their Lindsay estates in Scotland; but even from the time of that French alliance the headship of the Scotch Lindsays had vested in the line of Crawford; one of whom, marrying a daughter of King Robert I., was created Earl of Crawford on the same day when the ducal title was first introduced into Scotland in favor of two princes of the blood-royal, made dukes of Rothsay and Albany. After the downfall of the first house of Douglas, that of Crawford was during many generations one of the most powerful in the northern kingdom; and its power was, in general, arrayed on the side of the crown, against the turbulent insubordination of the other haughty barons. The original domain of Crawford is close to Douglasdale in Lanarkshire; but ultimately the chief seat of the family's influence was to the northward of the Forth, in Fife and Angus. Here the Crawford-Lindsays were the great bulwark and barrier between the southern Lowlands and the restless clans of the Highlands. In process of time we find upwards of one hundred junior houses of the name of Lindsay, all

* See *Tempest*, Act IV., where "the glittering garments" brought in by Ariel are, by Prospero's command, "hung on this line;" with a world of punning on *line* and *lime*.

designated after their own landed possessions*—many of them ranking with the first class of the untitled gentry, and four of them cadets of such consequence that they ultimately acquired separate peerages (Lindsay of the Byres, Balcarres, Gar-nock, Spynie,) all still acknowledging the Earls of Crawford for the chiefs of their name and race—"principes illustrissimi sanguinis et nominis de Lyndesay."

There can exist not the shadow of a doubt that the earldom of Crawford was originally constituted a male fief—to descend forever to the nearest heir of the male blood: but it is equally certain, and will surprise no one at all conversant with Scotch history, that the dignity was nevertheless transferred on divers occasions in a most irregular manner. With the details of these strange cases we shall not weary our readers;—it must suffice to say that Lord Balcarres now claims the premier earldom, as representing the male blood of Crawford—and the only question is, not whether the claimant has proved his own descent clearly and incontrovertibly, but whether Mr. Riddell has succeeded in *extinguishing* every one of the other Crawford cadets, who, if now represented by a male heir, would be entitled to claim the main honors in preference to Lord Balcarres. Since the line of Edzell or Balcarres branched off, exactly four centuries have passed away. All subsequent cadets who spent their lives within the British dominions have been, we may venture to say, effectually disposed of. These are all clearly extinct or merged in females, as far as it is possible to trace them in these kingdoms. But various younger sons, as was the case with all Scotch families, took service generation after generation under foreign princes. "Patient of labor and prodigal of blood," we have many a glimpse of them in the wars of France, Spain, Germany, Sweden—in most cases we see them recorded as dying on the field of honor far from their native shores, and consigned to the dust by friends who apparently had no suspicion of their ever having married. Whatever industry and acumen could do has been done—but the rules of the house of lords are proudly distinguished by the very extreme strictness as to evidence in cases of this nature, and, we repeat, it is not for us to anticipate its decision that every one expatriated "captain or colonel or knight in arms," between the ages of Quentin Durward and Baron Bradwardine, has been proved to have died a bachelor—or even that no more peaceful adventurer of more recent days has left behind him in some corner of the backwoods a Yankee Lindsay in possession, unsuspected even by himself, of claims prior to Lord Balcarres' upon the honors of that pattern of chivalry the first Earl of Crawford.

In Lord Lindsay's own pages we find recorded not a few circumstances that illustrate strongly the "ups and downs" of a Scottish pedigree—the *Cent ans de Bannières*, *Cent ans de Civières*, of the French adage. For example, in treating of the once considerable family of Lindsay of Kirkforthar, he says—

"The fortunes of a branch of this family, which sprang off about the end of the sixteenth century, might be cited as an illustration of King James' argument in defence of Davy Ramsay's gentility, in the 'Fortunes of Nigel':—cadets of a cadet, the first two or three generations passed their

obscure but useful lives as a joiner and a school-master in the good town of St. Andrews; the son of the latter, after serving as an officer in Sir Robert Rich's regiment in Spain till the peace of Utrecht, settled in Edinburgh as an upholsterer, and rose step by step—not to wealth and consideration only, or personal respect, which had been due from the first to his integrity, his extensive knowledge, and general benevolence—but to the dignities of dean of guild, lord provost of Edinburgh, and M.P. for that city—in which capacity he distinguished himself both by his spirited personal conduct during the Porteous riot, and by his able speech in his place in parliament against the bill for disfranchising Edinburgh, introduced in consequence of that riot. His patriotism introduced him into the field of literature, as the author of a valuable work entitled 'The Interest of Scotland considered,' &c.—and his general merits to an immediate alliance with the family of his chieftain, Lord Crawford, in the person of his third wife, Lady Catherine Lindsay.—His son, Lieutenant Colonel John Lindsay, (of the 33d infantry,) was father of that distinguished officer, the late Major-General Sir Patrick Lindsay, K.B., in whose person this respectable family has, I am sorry to say, become extinct."—vol. i., p. 104.

But still more striking is the case of the very last claimant of the Crawford honors—one who assumed the title in 1808—who, as Lord Lindsay admits, was the male representative of Kirkforthar—and therefore of the Lords Lindsay of the Byres:—

"The last of the direct male line was Charles Lindsay, sergeant in the Perthshire militia, who, on the death of George, twentieth earl of Crawford, assumed the title, as nearest heir-male of the Lindsays of the Byres, but died within a year afterwards."—vol. i., p. 103.

The most remarkable thing in the whole history of the Crawford Earldom, however, is that it once (three hundred and nine years ago) came in a lawful manner into the full possession of the Edzell branch, and must have descended to the present claimant in unbroken and undisputed succession, but for an act of romantic generosity on which Lord Lindsay comments with modest brevity, Mr. Riddell with a glow of honest enthusiasm highly creditable to the laborious lawyer's feelings. The facts "not easily," as Mr. Riddell says, "to be paralleled in Scotland, if elsewhere," are shortly as follows. David the eighth Earl of Crawford, a man of high and honorable character, had one son, Alexander, known then and ever since branded in tradition as "the Wicked Master of Crawford." This profligate consummated a long career of infamy by making war upon his father. He at the head of a band of ruffians surprised the old Earl in one of his castles, "laid violent hands on his person," confined him in his own dungeon, and did not slay him only because he feared the legal consequences of murder, and expected (for he was as ignorant as wicked) that a formal resignation of the estates might by and bye be extorted from the prisoner, and would be held valid in spite of any subsequent reclamation. "David the Captive" was, however, delivered by a rising of his neighbors and clansmen, and the "Wicked Master" was indicted and tried before the court of justiciary at Edinburgh in 1537, for the crime of parricide, of which, according to the Scotch law, he had clearly been guilty, and which (even when the violence has not proceeded to the

* Append. to Lives of the Lindsays, vol. i., pp. 305-319.

extremity of death) is punished under that law with Roman severity—the law of Rome being indeed part of the common law of Scotland. He was found guilty:—he had forfeited his life, and with that doom, the penalty of domestic treason, the purity of his blood was gone: even should royal clemency spare his life, neither he nor any descendant of his body could thenceforth claim either lands or honors as sprung from the Earls of Crawford. But even this was not all:—the master had had with him in his enterprise his own only son—and the stripling was accordingly tried and convicted on the same day with him and sundry adult accomplices. The king spared the lives of both the master and the boy, but the rest of the sentence took full effect. The next male heir of the Crawford blood, being the direct ancestor of the family of Balcarres, was hereupon recognized by the king, by the parliament, and by the Earl of Crawford, as next in succession to that earldom and all the dignities and territories entailed along with it. He, David Lindsay of Edzell, became in 1537 master of Crawford, and on the death of David the Captive, in 1541, took possession of the title and estates without dispute or opposition. He was summoned to parliament as the ninth Earl of Crawford, and lived and died in undisturbed possession of both the coronet and the fiefs. The law, and the crown, and the clan all acknowledged him. But feelings, with which all men of honor must still sympathize, prevented him from enjoying ease in this possession. He considered that though the son of “the Wicked Master” had been present when the crime was perpetrated, his tender years must have made him a mere tool in the hands of his ferocious parent: and the legal substitute could not reconcile it to his conscience that his own progeny should, under such circumstances, supplant permanently the direct line of the chiefs of the Lindsay blood. He petitioned for and procured an act of parliament, by which he was enabled (though he was surrounded by a flourishing family of his own) to adopt the son of the Wicked Master as his own first-born son. The, as he supposed, repentant youth was thus rehabilitated in the eye of law; and on the death of his highminded kinsman, that youth accordingly reëntered on full possession, as David, tenth Earl of Crawford. The real eldest son of the generous adopter succeeded his father merely as Laird of Edzell. Who that reads this story will not at least wish that the direct representative of the ninth Earl of Crawford may be found entitled, after an interruption of three centuries, to take his place in the roll as twenty-first Earl of Crawford, and premier Earl of Scotland?

We may notice another earlier, and perhaps equally anomalous, incident in the history of the Crawford honors. David, the fifth earl, (uncle to David the captive,) was the chosen friend and steadfast champion of the unfortunate James III., who advanced him to the dukedom of Montrose—a rank not then, nor for a long time afterwards, conceded to any in Scotland but princes of the blood. The Duke of Montrose accompanied his sovereign in the insurrection of A. D. 1488, when the arms of the rebels, headed by the misguided heir of the crown himself, prevailed, and the vanquished king was meanly murdered amidst the confusion of the route of Sauchieburn. The first parliament of James IV. rescinded all the later acts and grants of his father; and among the rest the patent of the Lindsay dukedom. But James IV. soon repented

of his rebellion against his father, and at the same time, probably, when he assumed that token of contrition, the iron belt, in which he fought and died at Flodden, he bestowed on the Earl of Crawford a new grant of the dukedom of Montrose, but this time only for life. Life-peerages were not very uncommon in Scotland; but we presume this is the only instance of a life-dukedom.

But we are afraid our readers would not approve of our lingering much longer among these antiquarian chapters. And there is the less temptation for doing so, as the more remote heroes in the Crawford pedigree had already found celebration in pages familiar to those who take much interest in the Scotland of their times. Wynton, the prior of Lochleven, lived in the midst of the Lindsay clansmen, and has recorded the chivalrous exploits of the founder of the earldom, in his liveliest strain—especially the famous duel with Lord Wells on London bridge, in presence of the king and queen of England—a story which Holinshed also gives with curious detail. The Crawfords were in the early period closely allied with the Douglasses, first of the black and afterwards of the red branch, and they accordingly fill considerable space in the pages of Godscroft. Above all, the greatest of the Scotch chroniclers, “honest Pitscottie,” was himself a Lindsay—and to him therefore all who list may turn for the brave deeds of his mediæval chiefs—“Earl Beardie,” “Walter the Tiger,” and the rest. And finally, the Lindsays boast not only the most classical of the old Scotch annalists, but the greatest, (with one exception,) and down almost to our fathers’ time, the most popular of the old Scotch poets—

“Still is thy name of high account,
And still thy verse hath charms—
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Lord Lyon King-at-Arms!”

The generous gentleman who was succeeded as Earl of Crawford by the son of the wicked master, transmitted the estate of Edzell to his own eldest son, (whose line ended in 1744;)—and his second son, John, founded the house of Balcarres. He was eminent as a lawyer and a statesman; but we apprehend Lord Lindsay is mistaken in considering him to have figured in the outset as a clergyman. He is first introduced, indeed, as the holder of two ecclesiastical benefices in the Lindsay region, and the rectory of Menmuir at least he seems to have kept possession of during most of his life; but Mr. Riddell is of opinion that the gentleman held these benefices, which were in the gift of the family, entirely as a layman, and adduces several instances of similar license in that age of confusion. The Rector of Menmuir became by and bye a Lord of Session, by the title of Lord Menmuir, which title corroborates Mr. Riddell’s view of the nature of his rectorship. What is new to us in his illustration of this question, is the fact that the laymen who grasped in the first tumult not merely rectories, but abbeys and bishoprics to themselves, without the slightest dream of assuming any ecclesiastical duty or function, except the privilege of a seat in parliament, took in all legal documents the full and venerable style of “right reverend fathers in God”—an audacity from which a late royal and gallant bishop of Osnaburg would have shrunk.

From a lord of session this John Lindsay became secretary of state, lord privy seal, &c. &c. He acquired the lands of Balcarres, and would, no doubt, have been raised to the peerage, if he had

not died suddenly "in the prime of his age," 1598. His son, Sir David, was created Lord Balcarres during Charles the First's visit to Scotland in 1633. In early life of retired habits, addicted to literature and science, especially it seems the search for the philosopher's stone and the *elixir vite*, he was called into activity by the revolutionary movements of his time, and was one of the colonels of regiments in Leslie's army at Dunselaw—but died shortly afterwards in his accustomed retirement. A letter of his to his eldest son Alexander, Master of Balcarres, when a young student at the University of St. Andrews, written shortly after a long vacation, is, says Lord Lindsay, "so characteristic of the parent, and comprises in so short a space all that one could wish addressed to a son on such an occasion, that I make no apology for inserting it." We offer no apology for quoting it. It is a good specimen of the Scotch language of 1630:—

"ALEXANDER:—Let me remember you again of what your mother and I spake to you before your going there, for the long vacance and jolliness that ye have seen this lang time bygane makes me think that ye will have mister (need) to be halden in mind of your awin weal; for I know what difficulty it is to one of your constitution and years to apply their mind to study after so long ane intermission. And, first of all, we recommend to you again the true fear of God your Maker, which is the beginning of all wisdom, and that, evening and morning, ye cease not to incall for His divine blessing to be upon you and all your enterprises;—Secondly, that ye apply your mind to virtue, which cannot be acquired without learning, and, seeing ye are there for that end, redeem your time, and lose it not, and be not carried away with the innumerable conceits and follies incident to youth; for the man is happy forever that governs weel his youthhead, and spends that time weel above all the time of his life; for youth is the tempest of life, wherein we are in most peril, and has maist mister of God, the great Pilot of the world, to save us. Therefore, as ye wald wish the blessing of God to be upon you, and the blessing of us your parents, remember and do what is both said and written to you. Also, forget not to carry yourself discreetly to all, and use maist the company that we tauld you of. Many wald be glad to have the happiness of guid direction of life, which ye want not—and the fault will be in you and not in us, your parents, if ye mak not guid use of your golden time—and ye may be doubly blamed, seeing God has indued you with ingyne and capacitie for learning, if ye apply it not the right way, being so kindly exhorted to it; for the cost that is waired (spent) upon you, we will think all weel bestowit if ye mak yourself answerable to our desires—which is, to spend your time weel, in learning to fear God aright, and to be a virtuous man, as I have said.—Last, forget not to keep your person always neat and cleanly, and your clothes or any things ye have, see they be not abused; and press to be a guid manager, for things are very easily misguided or lost, but not easily acquirit, and sloth and carelessness are the ways to want. I will expect a compt from you of your carriage shortly, and how ye have ta'en thir things to heart. God Almighty direct you and bless you!"—vol. i., pp. 213—215.

The youth thus counselled was the first Earl of Balcarres, (1650)—the tried and faithful cavalier who opposed the arms of Cromwell in Scotland while any hope remained, and then escaping to the

continent, had the chief management of the exiled king's Scotch affairs until his death, which took place late in 1659 at Breda. His body was brought over to Scotland, and consigned to the family vault at Balcarres at the very moment when the guns of Edinburgh castle were announcing the restoration of Charles II. We give a few lines from the ode on this gallant nobleman's death by Cowley, who had been well acquainted both with him and his amiable wife, a lady of the great house of Seton.

"T is folly, all that can be said
By living mortals of the immortal dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed.

'T is as if we, who stay behind
In expectation of the wind,
Should pity those who passed this streight before,
And touch the universal shore.

Noble and great endeavors did he bring
To save his country, and restore his king;
And whilst the manly half of him, (which those
Who know not love to be the whole suppose,)
Performed all parts of virtue's vigorous life;

The beauteous half, his lovely wife,
Did all his labors and his cares divide,
Nor was a lame nor paralytic side.

In all the turns of human state,
And all the unjust attacks of fate,
She bore her share and portion still,
And would not suffer any to be ill.

Unfortunate forever let me be,
If I believe that such was he
Whom, in the storms of bad success,
And all that error calls unhappiness,
His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accom-
pany!"

During the exile the two young sons of Cowley's friend had lived at Balcarres on a stipend of £10 per annum allowed them by the usurping government. Their mother, after superintending the rest of their education, the second wife of the unfortunate Argyle, who treated her children, and they him, as if they had been of his own blood. The scenes of Argyle's capture and escape in 1681, and then of his capture and execution in 1685, are therefore properly included in this work; for the countess and her Lindsay daughters were by his side on both occasions. His escape in December, 1681, is thus told:—

"He was lying a prisoner in Edinburgh castle in daily expectation of the order arriving for his execution, when woman's wit intervened to save him, and he owed his life to the affection of his favorite stepdaughter, the sprightly Lady Sophia, who, about eight o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the 20th of December, 1681, effected his escape in the following manner, as related to Lady Anne Lindsay by her father, Earl James, Lady Sophia's nephew:—

"Having obtained permission to pay him a visit of one half-hour, she contrived to bring as her page a tall, awkward, country clown, with a fair wig procured for the occasion, who had apparently been engaged in a fray, having his head tied up. On entering, she made them immediately change clothes; they did so, and on the expiration of the half-hour, she in a flood of tears, bade farewell to her supposed father, and walked out of the prison with the most perfect dignity, and with a slow pace. The sentinel at the draw-bridge, a sly

Highlander, eyed her father hard, but her presence of mind did not desert her; she twitched her train of embroidery, carried in those days by the page, out of his hand, and dropping it in the mud, "Varlet," cried she, in a fury, dashing it across his face, "take that—and that too," adding a box on the ear, "for knowing no better how to carry your lady's garment." Her ill-treatment of him, and the dirt with which she had besmeared his face, so confounded the sentinel, that he let them pass the draw-bridge unquestioned. Having passed through all the guards, attended by a gentleman from the castle, Lady Sophia entered her carriage, which was in waiting for her; 'the earl,' says a contemporary annalist, 'steps up on the hinder part of the coach as her lackey, and, coming foreagainst the weighhouse, slips off and shifts for himself.'—Vol. ii., pp. 26, 27.

Lord Lindsay inserts the four last letters that Argyle wrote. One to his son was written before he left the castle on the day of his death—one to his wife in a chamber adjoining the scaffold—those to her two daughters some time on the same fatal day. We give that addressed to his former deliverer, Lady Sophia Lindsay:—

"MY DEAR LADY SOPHIA,—What shall I say in this great day of the Lord, wherein, in the midst of a cloud, I find a fair sunshine? I can wish no more for you, but that the Lord may comfort you and shine upon you as He doth upon me, and give you the same sense of His love in staying in the world as I have in going out of it. Adieu!"

"ARGYLE."

"P.S. My blessing to dear Earl of Balcarres; the Lord touch his heart, and incline him to His fear!"

Colin, the next Earl of Balcarres who grew to man's estate, had a singularly chequered life. Appearing at the court of Charles II. at the age of sixteen, his father's services and sufferings, and his own singularly handsome person and address, procured him a gracious reception and the immediate command of a troop of horse—composed of 100 gentlemen who had (like himself) been much impoverished in consequence of the recent troubles, and who were too happy to serve for a half-a-crown a day each under this brilliant captain. In the course of a few days he was confined by a dangerous fever, and while he lay ill there came hourly a messenger to inquire about him—from a young lady to whom he had never been introduced—but who had, it seemed, been present when he first kissed King Charles' hand. On his recovery he found that this attentive stranger was Mademoiselle de Nassau, daughter of the Count d'Auverquerque, (a natural son of the House of Orange,) and sister to Lady Arlington, wife of the English Prime Minister, in whose house she was staying on a visit. Earl Colin, of course, called to make his acknowledgments—and the day was speedily fixed for their marriage.

"The Prince of Orange, afterwards William the Third, presented his fair kinswoman on this joyful occasion with a pair of magnificent emerald ear-rings. The day arrived, the noble party were assembled in the church, and the bride was at the altar; but, to the dismay of the company, no bridegroom appeared. The volatile Colin had forgotten the day of his marriage, and was discovered in his night-gown and slippers, quietly eating his breakfast. Thus far the tale is told with a smile on the lip, but many a tear was shed

at the conclusion. Colin hurried to the church, but in his haste left the ring in his writing-case:—a friend in the company gave him one—the ceremony went on, and, without looking at it, he placed it on the finger of his fair young bride—it was a mourning ring, with the mort-head and crossed bones—on perceiving it at the close of the ceremony, she fainted away, and the evil omen had made such an impression on her mind that, on recovering, she declared she should die within the year; and her presentiment was too truly fulfilled.

"In a packet of old papers, crumbling to decay, I found the following billet, addressed by Lady Balcarres to her husband's mother [the widowed Countess of Argyle] soon after her nuptials:—

"MADAME:—Je ne sais en quels termes vous rendre très humbles grâces de la bonté que vous avez eu de m'écrire une lettre si obligeante. Je vous assure, Madame, que j'en ai la reconnaissance que je dois, et que Milord Balcarres n'aurait pu épouser une personne qui tachera plus que je ferai, à chercher les occasions de mériter votre amitié, et à vous témoigner en toute sorte de rencontre avec combien de respect et de soumission je suis,

"Madame, votre très humble et obéissante fille et servante,

"MAURISQUE DE BALCARRES."

"It is a mere letter of compliment—for the correspondents had never, I believe, seen each other; but, finding it, as I did, buried among marriage-settlements and wills, in whose voluminous pages I found no other trace of *her* having lived, loved, and died—it was with feelings of no common interest that I perused the only relic that time has spared of one who might have been our ancestress—the young and ill-fated Maurititia."—vol. ii., pp. 2-4.

We must give some more of this earl's love passages. On poor Maurititia's death he made a campaign at sea with the Duke of York, was with him in the well-fought battle of Solebay, and attracted much of his royal highness' notice and confidence—circumstances of great import in his future career. Returning to London he saw and fancied Lady Jean Carnegie, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Northesk; and the king himself wrote to her father in the strongest manner recommending the young widower. Lady Jean took offence at the king's interference, and refused to listen to Balcarres. Charles kindly bethought him of a certain English heiress, with 100,000*l.* (a prodigious fortune in those days,) and again did everything to forward the earl's success with this Miss De Foy, whose uncle and guardian was one of the grooms of the bed-chamber. The proposals were accepted—Earl Colin made a run to Scotland, to consult his own lawyer about the settlements—and behold, while there he happened to meet Lady Jean Carnegie at some country-house. She was more beautiful than ever—there was no king to interfere—and Cupid did his work unassisted—to the discomfiture of Miss De Foy, and also of the King. Balcarres durst not reappear in the south, until after six years he found himself once more a widower—when Charles received him with the old cordiality, observing, "Ods fish, they make fools of us all."

Earl Colin was an Episcopalian and a Tory—he had no sympathy with his Presbyterian sisters of the Argyle persuasion. Though ever since his first marriage he had been distinguished by the House of Nassau, and particularly by William

Prince of Orange, he never faltered in his attachment to James II. He prepared to join Dundee in his last ill-fated enterprise—but fortunately for himself was arrested, so that he escaped being present at Killierankie.

"After the battle," says the accomplished editor of Law's Memorials, "where fell the last hope of James in the Viscount of Dundee, the ghost of that hero is said to have appeared about daybreak to his confidential friend Lord Balcarres, then confined to Edinburgh Castle. The spectre, drawing aside the curtain of the bed, looked very steadfastly upon the earl, after which it moved towards the mantel-piece, remained there for some time in a leaning posture, and then walked out of the chamber without uttering one word. Lord Balcarres, in great surprise, though not suspecting that which he saw to be an apparition, called out repeatedly to his friend to stop, but received no answer, and subsequently learnt that at the very moment this shadow stood before him, Dundee had breathed his last near the field of Killierankie."—vol. ii., pp. 60, 61.

Being presently liberated, Balcarres engaged in Skelmorley's plot, and on its failure he made the best of his way to France.

"He landed at Hamburg, and from thence, on his road to France 'went,' says his grand-daughter, 'by Holland, that he might take the opportunity of paying a visit to the relations of the first Lady Balcarres. He appeared before them with that mitigated mildness of well-bred sorrow, which, after a lapse of fifteen or twenty years, and two or three wives in the interim, was not supposed to be very lively. They were all grown old, but the circumstances attending the whole remaining fresh in their minds from having less to think of than he had had, they presumed that he would have a melancholy pleasure in looking at the picture of his wife.' He replied, 'that her picture was unnecessary to recall features he never could forget—there she was!'—(looking at a painting well appointed as to frame, and honorably stationed over the chimney-piece)—'her manner—her air!'—The honest *crow* smiled; it was one of the *Four Seasons*!'"—vol. ii., p. 65.

He continued abroad till about the time of James' death, when the poverty he was reduced to, and the imminent risk of irretrievable ruin to his estates, made him petition for leave to go home—which King William, out of regard for old acquaintance, made no difficulty to concede. Colin marrying a third wife, remained at Balcarres in quiet during the rest of William's reign and the whole of Queen Anne's—but "the 1715" drew him forth again; and again, after Sheriffmuir, he had to return to the continent, narrowly saving his life, and forfeiting his estate. The intercession of his connexions, Argyle, Lauderdale, and Stair, procured him by and bye a remission—and he returned to marry a fourth wife, who made his old age serene.

Colin's second son and successor happening to have also married when an old man, a grandson and a grand-daughter of the favorite of Charles II. are still in the land of the living. The excellent Lord Bishop of Kildare (born 1760) and his sister Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Hardwicke, (born 1763,) children of James, sixth Earl of Balcarres, are both, in Feb. 1846, able to tell the strange story, that at their grandfather's marriage King Charles gave away the bride.

Earl Colin's grand-daughter characterizes him

as "one of the handsomest and most accomplished men of his time, a man of letters, but fond of pleasure and pleasure's favorite." And volatile as he had been in his youth, that Mr. Chambers calls him justly "the elegant and learned Balcarres," will be allowed by all who read his Memoir on Scotch affairs, presented to James II. at St. Germain's, and included by Sir Walter Scott in his edition of the Somers' Tracts.

Earl Colin's eldest son, Alexander, was not "out in the fifteen," but as both his father and his younger brother were, the Jacobite stigma remained on him too through life. He inherited a deeply embarrassed property, and died, unmarried, captain in the Guards, his utmost promotion. To him succeeded his brother James, the fifth Earl already mentioned—whose character and history, in a high degree amiable and interesting, have been recorded with affectionate skill by one of his gifted children, Lady Anne Lindsay, by marriage Barnard—the authoress of "*Auld Robin Gray*." His participation in the field of Sheriffmuir was never to be got over. He served the Hanoverian kings, first as a sailor and afterwards as a soldier, all through the vigor of his life—was a zealous, gallant, and skilful officer, and a gentleman of the most unspotted honor, on whose oath of allegiance, once given, the most perfect reliance ought to have been placed—but "he had drawn his sword for the Stuart," and was at last convinced, after a severe struggle of more than thirty years, that there was an immovable resolution never to allow him to rise to the rank even of a field-officer. His letters to his only sister, Lady Elizabeth, and hers to him during these long weary years of hope deferred, are most affecting compositions—painting the deep simple earnestness of the domestic affections, so honorably characteristic of their country and family, with an effect which no ideal representations of poetry or romance could surpass.

Lord Balcarres distinguished himself at Dettingen under the eyes of George II.—and then sold out of the army—and, in the words of the authoress of "*Auld Robin Gray*,"—

"Tired out with fruitless service, with thwarted ambition, with vague hopes, he retired to the solitude of Balcarres; there, with a few trusty domestics who had accompanied his fortunes, the old library of books, which had made chemists and philosophers of all the moths in the castle, and a mind so replete with ideas as to fear nothing from vacancy, he quietly reposed himself.

"Had the honest people, who composed his society, possessed discernment to know the treasure they acquired, they would have blessed the illiberality of George, who had refused him that rank which many years of faithful service well entitled him to.

"The accomplished gentleman, the reasoning philosopher, the ardent soldier, the judicious farmer, and the warm partizan, my father argued on everything, discussed everything, with fire and ability; but concluded every subject with the beauty and wrongs of the fair Mary Queen of Scots, and with the base union of the two crowns, which had left the peers of Scotland without parliament and without consequence.

"These were topics of inexhaustible disapprobation. No guest escaped from his table without his sentiments being sounded, and, whether opposed or not, Lord Balcarres always ended in a passion, and was sorry for it till he sinned again. That which made his greatest difficulty was the

old attachment of a Jacobite amidst the habits of a whig; his blue and white as a seaman, his scarlet and yellow as a soldier, shut up his lips from abusing the reigning government, though the old Jacobite adage, 'when war is at hand, though it were a shame to be on any side save one, it were more shame to be idle than to be on the worst side, though blacker than rebellion could make it,' had justified his conduct in all its line. Certain it is, that, while he fought over again the battles of George II., his eye kindled when the year *fifteen* was mentioned, with an expression that showed his heart to be a faithful subject yet to the old tory cause.

"He had not long remained in this retirement before he found that there was something wanting which he could not define. 'It is not good for man to be alone,' says the great Judge of all things. His neighbors, though well educated for country gentlemen, as most of the Scotch are, had no ammunition to bring into the field against such a man as my father. Past occurrences had left his fancy full of animated recollections, but they were the same day after day; some new source of satisfaction was wanting; and, willing to discover what it could be, he left Balcarres to drink the waters of Moffat at about fifty miles distant.

"It was there that he met with Miss Dalrymple, and her charms made him soon forget every pursuit but that of love. She was fair, blooming, and lively; her beauty and embonpoint charmed my dear, tall, lean, majestic father. At sixty he began to love with the enthusiasm of twenty-five, but he loved in Miss Dalrymple not the woman she really was, but the woman he thought every female ought to be; and with this pattern of ideal excellence he invariably associated the remembrance of his favorite sister, Lady Elizabeth, who, though dead, still continued his model of perfection; her picture was looked up to as the relic of a saint, and her gentleness, mildness, and indulgence so lived in his heart and fancy as indispensable to what was charming, that he never supposed it possible that Miss Dalrymple should not be equally tender, accomplished, and complying. His extreme deafness, perhaps, might have aided his mistake; he saw with the eyes of his heart, and listened with the ears of his imagination; but, though the excellent Miss Dalrymple had no resemblance in mind or manners to Lady Elizabeth, she had a set of sterling qualities more fitted to the situation into which my father wished to draw her. She had worth, honor, activity, good sense, good spirits, economy, justice, friendship, generosity—everything but softness. Fortunate it was for him that this was wanting, for, had she possessed as much of feminine gentleness as she did of vivacity, she would not have been found by him at the waters of Moffat, with her heart free, and her hand unsolicited.

"Lord Balcarres had now discovered what it was that he stood in need of; that it was the society of a charming princess to add to that of his books—a princess less unfortunate and more alive than our old friend Queen Mary. But though Miss Dalrymple respected and looked up to him, she was not disposed to pass the bounds of gratitude for his marked admiration of her. Lord Balcarres was almost sixty, and what was worse, the world reckoned him eighty! Though his aspect was noble, and his air and deportment showed a man of rank, yet there was no denying a degree of singularity attended his ap-

pearance. To his large brigadier wig, which hung down with three tails, he generally added a few curls of his own application, which, I suspect, would not have been reckoned quite orthodox by the trade. His shoe, which resembled nothing so much as a little boat with a cabin at the end of it, was slashed with his penknife for the benefit of giving ease to his honest toes; here—there—he slashed it where he chose to slash, without an idea that the world or its fashions had the smallest right to smile at his shoe.

"The charms of his company and conversation carried with them a powerful attraction to the fair princesses whom he delighted to draw round him—for I ought to have mentioned that my father's passion for Queen Mary gave royalty to the sex, in order to account for a phrase I have often repeated, while his total want of knowledge of the world, in which he had never lived, might have laid him too open to the arts of those princesses, had not Providence directed his choice.

"This, however, was a character which could only be taken in the aggregate. Lord Balcarres had proposed—Miss Dalrymple had not courage to accept; she refused him—fully, frankly, finally, refused him. It hurt him deeply—he fell sick—his life was despaired of. Every man of sense may know that a fever is the best oratory a lover can use; a man of address would have fevered upon plan, but the fever of my simple-hearted father was as real as his disappointment. Though grieved, he had no resentment; he settled upon her the half of his estate—she learnt this from his man of business—he recovered, though slowly—and in one of those emotions of gratitude, so virtuous at the moment, but which sometimes hurry the heart beyond its calmer impulse—she married him.

"'She brought him,' says he—and this testimony it would be unjust to both to give in other than his own words—'an approved merit, with all the ornaments of beauty. She gave him a numerous offspring and all other blessings. Possessed of the rational and natural felicities so overlooked in this vain world, he became thankful to his Maker for his disappointments in the visionary aims that so disturb the minds of men.'"—vol. ii., pp. 140—145.

Earl James' correspondence is largely drawn upon by our author, his great-grandson. He was himself the composer of *Memoirs of the Lindsays*—and these are laid under contribution in various chapters of this book. He also composed essays on agricultural subjects; and indeed he is still held in great respect as the first scientific farmer in the county of Fife—now one of the most skilfully cultivated districts in Great Britain. In that region the following little anecdote is told of him. Walking one day in a field of turnips, on which he particularly prided himself, he surprised an old woman, a pensioner of the family, busily employed in filling a sack with his favorites. After heartily scolding her—to which she only replied by the silent eloquence of repeated curtsies—he was walking away, when the poor woman called after him, "Eh, my lord, it's unco heavy! wad ye no be sae kind as help me on wi't!"—which he immediately did, and, with many thanks, she decamped.

"Earl James died, 'old and satisfied with days,' on the 20th February, 1768, and was buried in the chapel of Balcarres. Born during the struggles of Earl Colin and Dundee the year after the abdi-

education of King James, he survived for above twenty years the last effort of the Stuarts to regain their hereditary kingdom. Chivalrous in thought, word, and deed, of the most distinguished personal address and finished manners, he was one of the last representatives of the ancient nobility of Scotland, as they existed before the union. Branch after branch had been shorn away from his family, till, at the time when the marriage was contracted to which we owe our existence, he was the last of his race. With him, therefore, closes what we may consider as the ancient history of our family."—vol. ii., p. 179.

A great deal of what is most delightful in the subsequent pages of Lord Lindsay's second volume is drawn from the papers of this good earl's daughter, the late Lady Anne Barnard—sketches written by her in old age of the family circle of her youth in Fife and in Edinburgh—and her correspondence, especially that with Walter Scott, who, as our readers will recollect, was the first person that told the world who wrote "Auld Robin Gray." Of the sketches we cannot but give some further specimens—Sir Walter himself never drew Scotch portraits with more unaffected fidelity. Take this of Lady Anne's maternal grandmother, the ancient Lady Dalrymple of Caprington, who, as was much in accordance with the kindly habits of those days, spent her widowed years under her son-in-law's roof at Balcarres, and after his death settled in Edinburgh, where her house, in a close of the Canongate, was the usual town home subsequently of all her young descendants. Mrs. Murray Keith, the original of Mrs. Bethune Balfour in the "Chronicles of the Canongate," kept house with Lady Dalrymple. Lady Anne recollected her grandmother as "a placid, quiet, pleasing old woman, whose indolence had benevolence in it, and whose sense was replete with indolence, as she was at all times of the party for letting things alone."

"I now remember with a smile the different evolutions that grandmamma's daily fidgets had to perform, though, at the time, they plagued me a little. At ten, she came down stairs, always a little out of humor till she had had her breakfast. In her left hand were her mitts and her snuff-box, which contained a certain number of pinches; she stopped on the seventeenth spot of the carpet, and coughed three times; she then looked at the weather-glass, approached the tea-table, put her right hand in her pocket for the key of the tea-chest, and, not finding it there, sent me upstairs to look for it in her own room, charging me not to fall on the stairs. 'Look,' said she 'Annie! upon my little table—there you will find a pair of gloves, but the key is not there; after you have taken up the gloves, you will see yesterday's newspaper, but you will not find it below that, so you need not touch it; pass on from the newspaper to my black fan, beside it there lie three apples—(don't eat my apples, Annie! mark that!)—take up the letter that is beyond the apples, and there you will find'—'But is not that the key in your left hand over your little finger?'—'No, Annie, it cannot be so, for I always carry it on my right'—'That is, you intend to do so, my dear grandmamma, but you know you always carry it in your left.'—'Well, well, child! I believe I do, but what then? is the tea made? put in one spoonful for every person, and one over—Annie, do you mark me?' Thus, every morning, grandmamma smelt three times at her apple, came down

stairs testy, coughed on the seventeenth spot, lost her key, had it detected in her left hand, and, the morning's parade being over, till the evening's nap arrived (when she had a new set of manœuvres,) she was a pleasing, entertaining, talkative, mild old woman. I should love her, for she loved me; I was her god-daughter, and her sworn friend.'—'She was the mildest,' adds Lady Anne, many years afterwards, 'and most innocent of beings.'—vol. ii., pp. 181—183.

The following anecdote of David Hume, whom Lady Dalrymple had known from a child, occurs in a letter of Lady Anne to her sister Margaret, from her grandmother's house in Edinburgh:—

"Our friend David Hume is a constant morning visiter of ours. My mother jested him lately on a circumstance which had a good deal of character in it. When we were very young girls, too young to remember the scene, there happened to be a good many clever people at Balcarres at Christmas, and as a gambol of the season they agreed to write each his own character, to give them to Hume, and make him show them to my father, as extracts he had taken from the pope's library at Rome. He did:—my father said, 'I don't know who the rest of your fine fellows and charming princesses are, Hume; but if you had not told me where you got this character, I should have said it was that of my wife.' 'I was pleased,' said my mother, 'with my lord's answer; it showed that at least I had been an honest woman.'"

"Hume's character of himself," said she, 'was well drawn and full of candor; he spoke of himself as he ought, but added what surprised us all, that, plain as his manners were, and apparently careless of attention, vanity was his predominant weakness. That vanity led him to publish his essays, which he grieved over, not that he had changed his opinions, but that he thought he had injured society by disseminating them.'—'Do you remember the sequel of that affair?' said Hume; 'Yes, I do,' replied my mother, laughing, 'you told me that, although I thought your character a sincere one, it was not so—there was a particular feature omitted that we were still ignorant of, and that you would add it; like a fool I gave you the MS., and you thrust it into the fire, adding "Oh! what an idiot I had nearly proved myself to be, to leave such a document in the hands of a parcel of women!"' "

It was in this old lady's house that Sir Walter Scott, when a boy of six or seven, used to see Lady Anne Barnard—and in one of his letters to her, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, he says:

"I remember all the *locale* of Hyndford's Close perfectly, even to the Indian screen with Harlequin and Columbine, and the harpsichord, though I never had the pleasure to hear Lady Anne play on it. I suppose the Close, once too clean to soil the hem of your ladyship's garment, is now a resort for the lowest mechanics—and so wears the world away. The authoress of 'Robin Gray' cannot but remember the last verse of an old song, lamenting the changes 'which fleeting time procureth':

"For many a place stands in hard case
Where blythe folks kenned nae sorrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader Haughs,
And Scots wha lived on Yarrow."

It is, to be sure, more picturesque to lament the desolation of towers on hills and haughs, than the degradation of an Edinburgh Close, but I cannot help thinking on the simple and cosie retreats

where worth and talent, and elegance to boot, were often nestled, and which now are the resort of misery, filth, poverty, and vice.

"I believe I must set as much modesty as near thirty years of the law have left me, entirely aside, and plead guilty to being the little boy whom my aunt Jeanie's partiality may have mentioned to your ladyship, though I owed my studious disposition in no small degree to early lameness, which prevented my romping much with other boys, though, thank God! it has left me actively enough to take a great deal of exercise in the course of my life. Your ladyship's recollections, awakening my own, lead me naturally to reverse the telescope on my past life, and to see myself sitting at the further end of a long perspective of years gone by—a little spoiled chattering boy, whom everybody was kind to, perhaps because they sympathized with his infirmities."

Another of Lady Anne's portraits brings before us a most picturesque spinster, of whom also Sir Walter had preserved a lively recollection.

"I close this gallery of portraits with that of Sophy Johnstone, for many years a constant intimate of Balcarres, and one of the most extraordinary originals of a day when character seems to have been stamped with a bolder die, or at least to have opposed more resistance to attrition than it now does. 'Her father,' says Lady Anne, 'was what was commonly called an odd dog; her mother that unencroaching sort of existence, so universally termed "a good sort of woman." One day after dinner, the squire, having a mind to reason over his bottle, turned the conversation on the "folly of education." The wife said, she had always understood it was a good thing for young people to know a little, to keep them out of harm's way. The husband said, education was all nonsense, for that a child who was left to nature had ten times more sense, and all that sort of thing, when it grew up, than those whose heads were filled full of gimcracks and learning out of books."

"Like Mrs. Shandy, she gave up the point, and, as he stoutly maintained his argument, they both agreed to make the experiment on the child she was ready to produce, and mutually swore an oath that it never should be taught anything from the hour of its birth, or ever have its spirit broken by contradiction."

"This child proved to be Miss Sophy Johnstone. * * * I scarce think that any system of education could have made this woman one of the fair sex. Her taste led her to hunt with her brothers, to wrestle with the stable-boys, and to saw wood with the carpenter. She worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the smith, made excellent trunks, played well on the fiddle, sung a man's song in a bass voice, and was by many people suspected of being one. She learnt to write of the butler at her own request, and had a taste for reading which she greatly improved. She was a droll ingenious fellow; her talents for mimicry made her enemies, and the violence of her attachments to those she called her favorites, secured her a few warm friends. She came to spend a few months with my mother soon after her marriage, and, at the time I am speaking of, had been with her thirteen years, making Balcarres her head-quarters, devoting herself to the youngest child, whichever it was, deserting him when he got into breeches, and regularly constant to no one but me. She had a little forge fitted up in her closet, to which I was very often invited."

"It was for a beautiful old Scottish melody, sung by this amazonian dame, that Lady Anne, the eldest of the youthful tribe of Balcarres, wrote the ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' in 1771."

Lady Anne Barnard (to whom the reader of these volumes owes so much) survived till lately. Her favorite sister, Lady Margaret Fordyce, whose beauty inspired some of Sheridan's sweetest songs, died young. She also was a poetess, and some pleasing specimens of her verse are here printed in the same appendix with "Auld Robin Gray." We have already mentioned that one brother of theirs is still alive—the Bishop of Kildare—and also the third sister, Lady Hardwicke, the venerable mother of the Ladies Stuart de Rothsay, Mexborough, and Caledon. Their eldest brother Alexander, sixth Earl of Balcarres, served in the American war with distinction, and acquired much honor as Governor of Jamaica, especially by his conduct in the last Maroon insurrection. In later life he was one of the sixteen Scotch peers in the house of lords, and highly esteemed in that as in every other situation and function of public or private life. Succeeding in right of his wife to the extensive estates of the ancient family of Haigh in Lancashire, the earl fixed his residence in that quarter, and ultimately sold the paternal castle and domain of Balcarres to his younger brother Robert, whose descendant, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., is one of the most promising of the young poets of our time. Earl Alexander died in 1825—and was succeeded by his son, the present peer. Three other brothers, Colin, James, and John, were officers in the army. Colin's papers have afforded Lord Lindsay a clear and well written narrative of the assault on Gibraltar in 1782. Both James and John were in the detachment of the unfortunate Colonel Baillie, surrounded and cut to pieces almost to a man by Hyder Ali at Conjeeveram—and John, then a captain, was one of those who shared with Sir David Baird the cruel three years' imprisonment by Tip-poo Saib's orders in Seringapatam in 1780—1784. His journal of that terrible captivity is now printed, and one of the most interesting journals we ever read, portraying most unaffectedly the charming temper and imperturbable spirit of the writer. This gentleman married afterwards the youngest daughter of the premier Lord North—so justly admired in society as Lady Charlotte Lindsay.

The third and fourth volumes are occupied with journals and narratives of foreign service and adventure by four of these distinguished brothers. We are sorry that we cannot indulge ourselves and our readers with many extracts—but must content ourselves with one or two from the "Anecdotes of an Indian Life," by the Hon. Robert Lindsay. This very able man, after spending some time in a mercantile house at Cadiz, accepted the appointment of writer in the East India Company's service—and we find him as having, when still very young, charge of the revenue and administration generally, of the frontier district of Sylhet.

A transaction in the lime trade, which had material consequences, is thus narrated:—

"The only great staple and steady article of commerce, is *chunam*, or lime. In no part of Bengal, or even Hindostan, is the rock found so perfectly pure, or so free of alloy, as in this province, therefore Calcutta is chiefly supplied from hence. This branch immediately attracted my attention, and I was led to investigate how far the trade could be improved or extended. I found it had been hitherto occupied by Armenians, Greeks, and low

Europeans, but to a trifling extent only, while I had so greatly the advantage over them, from the command of the currency, that it was evident the trade might soon centre with me; and it accordingly did so.

"The mountain from whence the lime is taken was not situated within our jurisdiction, but belonged to independent chieftains, inhabitants of the high range which separates our possessions from the Chinese frontier. My great object was to procure from these people a lease of the lime-rock, but they previously demanded an interview with me, to consult on the subject. A meeting was accordingly fixed at a place called Pondua, situated close under the hills, forming one of the most stupendous amphitheatres in the world. The mountain appears to rise abruptly from the watery plain, and is covered with the most beautiful foliage, and fruit trees of every description peculiar to a tropical climate, which seem to grow spontaneously from the crevices of the lime-rock. A more romantic or more beautiful situation could not be found than the one then before me. The magnificent mountain, full in view, appeared to be divided with large perpendicular stripes of white, which, upon a nearer inspection, proved to be cataracts of no small magnitude, and the river, in which the boats anchored, was so pure that the trout and other fishes were seen playing about in every direction; above all, the air was delightful when contrasted with the close and pestilential atmosphere of the putrid plain below, so that I felt as if transplanted into one of the regions of Paradise. But the appearance of the inhabitants of this garden of Eden did not enable me to follow out the theory I could have wished to establish; it certainly deserved a different style of inhabitants from those wild-looking demons, then dancing on the banks before me.

"In order to pay due attention to the great man, they had come down from every part of the mountain, accompanied by their retainers, dressed in the garb of war, and, when thus accoutred, their appearance is most unquestionably martial, and by no means unlike our native Highlanders when dressed in the Gaelic costume. Many hundreds of this description were now before me. But my new friends, on this occasion, breathed nothing but peace and friendship; though still it was evident, from their complexion and the war-yell that occasionally escaped their lips, as well as the mode in which they handled their weapons, that their temperament was not dissimilar to that of other mountaineers; and the opinion I thus hastily formed I found corroborated in the sequel.

"We had a most sumptuous entertainment on the turf. Our viands, to be sure, were neither of the most costly or delicate nature; nor were the decorations of the table such as would suit the dandies of the present day. The repast consisted entirely of six or eight large hogs, barbecued whole, or rather roasted in an oven, according to the Otaheite fashion—a hole being dug in the ground, lined with plantain leaves, and filled with hot stones—the hog placed therein—more hot stones laid on at the top, and the whole covered over with turf. The chiefs acted as carvers, their dirks being the only instrument used, and the large leaves of the plantain served for plates. The entertainment was universally admired, and abundance of fermented liquor closed the festivities of the day, it having been previously agreed that no business should be discussed till the following morning. We accordingly then met; and the arrangement

between us terminated to our mutual satisfaction."

The result was very important to Mr. Lindsay's fortunes. He accompanied his friends up a river broken with most dangerous rapids, and at last came in sight of the great lime-quarry in the mountains:—

"We now approached the *chunam* or lime-rock, washed by the rapid stream—a magnificent cataract was seen rolling over the adjoining precipice—the scenery altogether was truly sublime. The mountain was composed of the purest alabaster lime, and appeared, in quantity, equal to the supply of the whole world."

During this excursion, he says:—

"I had the uncommon gratification of witnessing a caravan arrive from the interior of the mountain, bringing on their shoulders the produce of their hills, consisting of the coarsest silks from the confines of China, fruits of various kinds—but the great staple was iron, of excellent quality. In descending the mountain, the scene had much of stage effect, the tribes descending from rock to rock as represented in Oscar and Malvina. In the present instance the only descent was by steps cut out in the precipice. The burthens were carried by the women in baskets supported by a belt across the forehead, the men walking by their side, protecting them with their arms. The elderly women in general were ugly in the extreme, and of masculine appearance; their mouths and teeth are as black as ink from the inordinate use of the betel leaf mixed with lime. On the other hand, the young girls are both fair and handsome, not being allowed the use of betel-nut until after their marriage. In appearance they resemble very much the Malay. The strength of their arms and limbs, from constant muscular exercise in ascending and descending these mountains, loaded with heavy burthens, far exceeds our idea. I asked one of the girls to allow me to lift her burthen of iron—from its weight I could not accomplish it. This, I need not say, occasioned a laugh in the line of march to my prejudice.

"I now took leave of my Cusseah friends and returned to Sylhet, having established the groundwork of the lime trade upon a firm and permanent footing, so as to ensure success. I appointed British agents at Calcutta and elsewhere, so as to relieve me of the laborious part of the duty. Fleets of boats now covered the rivers, and the trade increased so rapidly as to keep five or six hundred men in constant employ."

Mr. Lindsay gives most amusing accounts of his intercourse with the native chiefs in his neighborhood, and we must extract one scene of Oriental sport:—

"The Jointah Rajah, of the Cusseah tribe, was my nearest frontier neighbor; he was by far the most powerful and the most civilized of the whole, holding large possessions, both on the mountain and the plain, about fifty miles distant. When a younger man, he had been misled by the false idea of his own power, and he had in consequence been the aggressor by entering the British territories in a hostile manner; a regiment of seapoyes drove him back and convinced him of his insignificance, and of the wisdom of remaining perfectly quiet in time to come; and he was now endeavoring to convince me of his perfect attachment to our government.

"The rajah proposed my giving him an interview in his own country, to partake of a *chasse* he

had prepared for me; and, after arranging the preliminaries of meeting, the day was fixed. By mutual agreement we were to be accompanied by a few attendants. It was during the season of the rains, the whole country being completely overflowed, and having the appearance of an extensive lake. I embarked on board a beautiful yacht of my own building, well manned, and armed with eighteen swivel guns; and arrived at the place of rendezvous at the appointed hour, when, to my surprise, I saw advancing towards me a fleet of boats not fewer than fifty in number, with streamers flying, and fantastically dressed. As this was contrary to our agreement, I was not well pleased at the display, but betrayed no kind of alarm. With a fine breeze, all sail set, I steered through the middle of the fleet, and with my speaking trumpet hailed the rajah, and invited him into my boat.

"He came accordingly, accompanied by his officers, and no sooner was he seated in the cabin than I could perceive his astonishment in finding himself enveloped in smoke in consequence of a royal salute from my Lilliputian artillery, which were well served upon the occasion; but he instantly recovered himself, and talked on indifferent subjects. I found him a handsome young man, with a good address. After examining the yacht and guns with attention, and particularly admiring the sailing of the boat, he requested me to accompany him to his barge to partake of the *shekar*, or hunting-party, previously prepared for our amusement. This proved of so uncommon a nature, and so seldom witnessed by Europeans, that it is worthy of description.

"We rowed for some miles towards a rising ground, on which we landed; and were then carried on men's shoulders (their regal mode of conveyance) to a temporary stage erected for the occasion.

"On surveying the arena around us, I found that the enclosure was not less than thirty acres, surrounded by a stockade, and lined on the outside by the vassals of the rajah. They had previously driven the wild animals of the country to this place, being the highest ground in the plain, and encircled them. The sight was whimsically wild and magnificent; the concourse of people was immense, the whole population, both of the mountain and plain, having turned out on the occasion. The first thing that struck my observation upon entering the arena, was the singularity of the dresses worn by the different tribes of Cusseahs, or native Tartars, all dressed and armed agreeably to the custom of the country or mountain from whence they came. The inhabitants of the plain were also fancifully dressed; their garb, in many instances, was a mixture of both, their arms, in general, being those of the mountain, viz., a large shield over the right shoulder, protecting nearly the whole of the body, the mountain sword, a quiver suspended over the left shoulder, full of arrows, and a large bamboo bow.

"The place into which we were introduced was a species of open balcony; on either side of my chair were placed those of the rajah, his prime minister, commander-in-chief, and officers of state, who all appeared to be native Cusseahs, or Tartars, dressed and armed in the hill costume. The rajah himself affected the dress of a man more civilized, and wore the Mogul arms. Upon my entering this apartment he embraced me, and, our *hookah-burdars* being in attendance, we took our seats, each with his hookah in his mouth. Each man now

prepared his arms for the magnificent *chasse* about to begin.

"Upon looking around me with attention I found that there were no fewer than 200 of the largest buffaloes enclosed—some hundreds of the large elk deer, a great variety of deer of a smaller description, and wild hogs innumerable. These animals were now galloping around us in quick succession, when the rajah, turning politely towards me, asked me to begin the *shekar* by taking the first shot. I was a bad marksman, and afraid to betray my want of skill in so public a manner, at first I declined the offer—the rajah insisted; I therefore raised my well-loaded rifle to my shoulder, and taking a good aim, to my own astonishment dropped a large buffalo dead upon the spot. There was immediately a general shout of admiration. I, on my part, put the pipe into my mouth, throwing out volumes of smoke with perfect indifference, as if the event was a matter of course. But no power could get the rajah to exhibit, from the apprehension of not being equally successful, before his own people.

"On my left hand, sat his *tushkar* or prime minister; his quiver, I observed, only contained two arrows; 'How comes it, my friend,' said I, 'that you come into the field with so few arrows in your quiver?' With a sarcastic smile, he replied, 'If a man cannot do his business with two arrows, he is unfit for his trade;' at that moment he let fly a shaft, and a deer dropped dead—he immediately had recourse to his pipe, and smoked profusely.

"The loud and hollow sound of the *nagarra*, or war-drum, and the discordant tones of the conch-shell announced a new arrival. The folding-doors of the arena were thrown open, and ten male elephants with their riders were marshalled before us. If it is expected that I am to describe the gorgeous trappings and costly harness of these animals, or the sumptuous dress of the riders, disappointment must follow; my savage friends were little accustomed to stage effect or luxuries of any kind. The noble animal had not even a pad on his back; a rope round his body was his only harness; the rider was dressed nearly in the garb of nature, and the hook with which he guides the animal was his only weapon.

"A motion from the rajah's hand was the signal to advance. The buffaloes at this unexpected attack naturally turned their heads towards the elephants, and appeared as if drawn up in order of battle. The scene now became interesting in the extreme. The elephants continued to advance with a slow and majestic step, also in line, when, in an instant, the captain of the buffalo herd rushed forward with singular rapidity, and charged the elephants in the centre. Their line was immediately broken; they turned round and fled in all directions, many of them throwing their drivers, and breaking down the stockades—one solitary elephant excepted. This magnificent animal had been trained for the rajah's own use, and accustomed to the sport. The buffalo, in returning from his pursuit, attentively surveyed him as he stood at a distance, alone in the arena. He seemed for a few minutes uncertain whether to attack him or rejoin his herd. None who do not possess the talents of a Zoffany can describe the conflict that now took place. The elephant, the most unwieldy of the two, stood on the defensive, and his position was remarkable. In order to defend his proboscis he threw it over his head—his fore-leg advanced ready for a start—his tail in a horizontal line from his body—his eager

eye steadily fixed on his antagonist. The buffalo, who had hitherto been tearing the ground with his feet, now rushed forward with velocity—the elephant, advancing with rapid strides at the same moment, received the buffalo upon his tusks and threw him into the air with the same facility an English bull would toss a dog—then drove his tusks through the body of the buffalo, and in that position carried him as easily as a baby, and laid him at the rajah's feet.

"The elephants that were routed were brought back to the charge, and some of them behaved well; but we had much more reason to be pleased with the courage of the male buffaloes, who attacked in succession. I consider them the fiercest animals in the world; for there is nothing they will not attack. I continued with the rajah two or three days, until the air became putrid with the dead carcasses; I then bid him adieu, and returned to Sylhet."—vol. iv., pp. 48–54.

This little bit of colloquy in the sporting line amuses us:—

"In the cold season we had shooting in perfection—peacocks, partridges, wild cocks and hens, and water-fowl in abundance; but it was dangerous to shoot on foot, from the multiplicity of tigers and leopards that infested the woods. One day, while shooting with my highland servant, John MacKay, he suddenly exclaimed, in his own broad accent, 'Gude G—, Sir! what ca' ye that?' pointing at the same time to a huge animal in the path before him. 'That, John, is a royal tiger!'—'Shall I tak a whack at him, sir!'—'No, John; 'let be for let be' is the surest plan.'"

The most usual method of catching a tiger in these parts is thus described:—

"Large traps, constructed of wood and turf, of an enormous size, not less than thirty-six feet long, with four doors successively opening from each other, are built in such places as the tigers frequent. The bait is a living bullock in the centre. The tiger may enter on either side; on treading on a spring the two counter doors drop, and he is secured, while the bullock remains in perfect safety.

"A tube or cylinder of about twelve feet long and eighteen inches calibre (made of mats and fortified with rope or ground rattans, and secured at the further end by two sticks run across it) is now introduced; and the tiger, being previously teased in the trap and abundantly anxious to escape, seeing this ray of daylight conveyed into his prison through the tube, gathers himself together and darts into it, in hopes of finding a passage at the opposite extremity, but is stopped by the crossbars. A man stands by to drive in two other bars across the end by which he entered. No mouse was ever more inoffensive than this powerful animal now finds himself; the whole space he has to move in is only eighteen inches calibre, which barely allows him to move, and I have repeatedly taken him by the whiskers with impunity.

"But his troubles are not at an end. He is now lifted upon a cart and conveyed to the town. The place chosen for his public *début* was generally an old mosque surrounded by a high wall, enclosing full half an acre of ground. In this enclosure a buffalo awaited his arrival, and stages were erected for spectators to see the sport. It signifies but little whether the buffalo is in his wild or domestic state; they have in either case the same antipathy to the tiger, and attack him wherever they meet. In the present instance the

buffalo was in his tame state, brought from his daily occupation in the field, and submissive to his driver. But the moment the tiger entered, his character changed; he foamed at the mouth with rage, and with fury attacked his opponent. The tiger put himself on the defensive, threw himself on his back, biting and tearing the limbs of his antagonist, but the buffalo soon overpowered him and threw him in the air, tossing him from horn to horn with wonderful dexterity, until he was dead.

"The leopard shows much more play when thrown into the enclosure with the buffalo; in an instant he is on the top of his back, and makes him completely furious; he then jumps from limb to limb, wounding him in every direction—but whenever the buffalo can hit him a fair blow he is done for."

A rarer sport is that of the rhinoceros:—

"He is of a morose, sulky disposition, and shuns the other beasts of the forest. During the rains, one of a very large size lost his way and took refuge in a thicket within a few miles of the town. The drums, as usual, beat to arms, and the whole population turned out. The situation was favorable—three small hillocks close to each other, covered with brushwood, and surrounded with water.

"But to rouse him from from his den was a business of no small difficulty. Finding himself surrounded, he lay close. We fired into the thicket and threw fire works, without effect. At last we got a very long rope and tied a log of wood to the middle of it; we then passed the ends to the two opposite hillocks, holding the weight suspended over the place where the rhinoceros lay, and at a signal given, we dropped it directly upon the animal's back. On this he made a furious charge on our centre, but we received him with a shower of iron balls, which compelled him to retrograde. We continued to fire at him, with no effect whatever, owing to the toughness of his coat of mail. I ordered one of my servants to aim at him between the folds under the neck, in a horizontal direction from the lower ground; upon which at last fell. I had then an opportunity of examining his body, and found that (except the last) he had not sustained any injury from the many balls fired at him. And I was not a little pleased to extricate myself from the crowd; for the inhabitants from the adjoining villages, with a savage enthusiasm, had besmeared themselves with his blood, and were dancing around him with frantic wildness. Every part of the carcass possessed, in their opinion, charms for one disease or another, and was carried off piecemeal. It was with much difficulty that I secured the head and horn, which I brought home with me, and have now in my possession. I had also the curiosity to secure a collop, with which I made a very tolerable steak. Upon the first view we had of him, when charging us on the hill, he had all the appearance of a hog of enormous size. I never knew an instance of his coming in contact with the elephant or buffalo, but, from the powerful weapon on his nose, I think he would prove a formidable antagonist."—vol. iv., pp. 108–112.

Shortly after his return from India, in 1788, this gentleman acquired Balcarres, and married his cousin, a daughter of Sir Alexander Dick, of Prestonfield, Bart.; and Lady Anne Barnard visiting them in 1803, says:—

"The dear old nest shall have the precedence from my pen of all other abodes in my list of vis-

its; dear—as being the nest where eleven brother and sister chickens were hatched and fostered—chickens, who through life have never known once what it was to peck at each other; all flew into the world together, and all return from time to time to the parent hamlet, where sits the valued mother on her bed of straw, meditating her flight to higher regions.

“When Robert married his cousin Elizabeth, she was very pretty, and was so still, but that which was most pleasing in her was the innocence of her mind, guileless as one of her own babes, but with all the liberality of the great world. Robert had been lucky; she had no fortune, but she made him happy—and is not that enough? His own worth, his patriarchal care of everything belonging to him, the prosperity that attended all his purchases, and the uninterrupted health his children enjoyed, gave him altogether a happy lot, though it was not unchequered, for if Monday saw him rich, Tuesday perhaps dawned on him full of cares and crosses, which overnight he had forgotten; a legion of blue devils would dance around him, (I hope my readers have no acquaintance with such troops,) and Robert continued on the brink of ruin for twenty-four hours perhaps, till a good ride set all to rights, and he waked an emperor next morning. In one respect he never varied, in his attentions to our good old mother, nearly eighty, enjoying every blessing still, but that of memory; she sometimes remarked, with a smile, that she believed she was better without it.”

We conclude with an anecdote of Mrs. Robert Lindsay's brother, Sir Robert Keith Dick, of which Lord Lindsay may well say, that it “possesses more than mere family interest.” It also is given in the words of Lady Anne Barnard—and refers to the impeachment of the late Lord Melville in 1806:—

“Amidst the many cruel emotions that arose to Dundas, on an occasion when men were proved, I saw a pleasurable one flow from his eyes in a flood of tears which seemed to do him good. A young man—the younger brother of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Lindsay, was sent, when quite a boy, to the East Indies, by Lord Melville, as a writer; his industry and abilities gave him a little early prosperity; he heard of this attack on Dundas; he venerated him; he knew he was not a man of fortune; he had made five thousand pounds or more, and in words the most affectionate and respectful, manly and kind, he remitted to him an order for the money, should he have occasion for it to assist in defraying the heavy expenses he must be put to.

“It was a sweet letter, generous and principled, such as any one of that excellent family would write in similar circumstances. Dundas read it to me with an exultation of satisfaction, together with his reply.

“‘I have never beheld a countenance but one,’ said he, ‘that did not feel this letter as it ought, when I read it, and that one was my daughter-in-law’s, before she knew I had refused it.’ ‘I hope,’ said she, ‘that while my purse is full, you never will receive aid from a stranger.’ ‘I knew she spoke as she felt; to find two such people at such a moment, is it not worth a score of desertions!’”—vol. ii., p. 230.

We are very sensible that our selections can have afforded but a very imperfect notion of the sterling worth of these four volumes. Our readers are well aware that Lord Lindsay exerts his distin-

guished talents on all occasions under the influence of deep religious feelings. He dwells accordingly at more length on the piety which has distinguished very many of his family, male and female, than on any of the secular triumphs and honors of his ancient lineage. But we have hardly felt ourselves entitled to extract passages which, however pleasing and instructive in themselves, seem to be more especially designed for the eyes and hearts of the rising generation of the Lindsays.

From Chambers' Journal.

MY FATHER THE LAIRD.

It may be well to state that this piece—the first of a short series in which, as it appears to us, domestic life is sketched with singular spirit and fidelity of pencil—is really what it appears to be, the composition of a lady advanced in life, the daughter of a Highland proprietor of ancient name. This first paper depicts the north-country gentleman of the conclusion of what we may call the age of old-world things—the time when there was no systematic agriculture, no struggling activity, and only a simple and antiquated kind of refinement. A second paper shows a transition state of things in the middle of the last war; and a third, we believe, will set forth the contrast afforded by the present stage of society.

It must be above a hundred years since my father was born, for he did not marry early, and I, his youngest child, am now something past seventy. I have always heard that he was near his fiftieth year at my birth. My first recollection of him is as an elderly man, grave, yet kind in manner, passing through the quiet routine of his life with the dignity befitting the laird of the wild Highland glen that was his heritage. Of his youth I know little. In those days children held but distant intercourse with their parents; they seldom shared their confidence either as to memories of the past or plans for the present or the future. Orders were given and obeyed, with a little sternness on the one hand, and extreme submission on the other; and thus was preserved the distance in position then considered essential to good family government. I learned, however, that he had been partly educated at Aberdeen, that he had made one or two journeys to Edinburgh, had even been in London, and, upon some particular occasion, had gone from thence as far as Dover, where he had had a peep of the French coast.

My mother was not a Highlander, on account of which defect she had never been thoroughly popular among her husband's vassals, whom, perhaps, she did not sufficiently understand to be able to conciliate. She was of an ancient border race, descended from some of those moonlight riders whose fame has hardly passed away with their rude age, yet who were so little accounted of by the proud clans of the Highlands, that, despite her beauty, her grace, her unwearied benevolence, my mother never, in their eyes, filled the place of her predecessor, my grandmother, the Lady Rachael, a termagant of a woman, who ruled her whole household by the help of a good stick, and fed ever so many rebels in the caves and woods in the very face of the government.

The beautiful glen appropriated by my ancestors several long ages ago, when “might” made “right” all over the “north countrie,” runs deep up into the chain of hills which stretches across the

central Highlands, lost in a pine forest at the upper end, and at the other expanding towards one of the many considerable lakes intersecting these solitudes. A small river, frequently interrupted in its course by rocky birchen-wooded banks, falls within a mile of the lake, over so steep a precipice, as to entitle it to the reputation it has long maintained, of being one of the finest bits of scenery in the district. About the middle of its descent the stream is broken by a high, black angular rock, dividing the water into two diverging cataracts. On a sort of natural terrace raised from the meadow, backed by the gray mountains, the lake in front, the stream at hand, the waterfall in full view, stood, in my father's day, the ruins of an old massive tower, with the usual long, high, narrow steep-roofed house attached to it. It was the ancient seat of the family; but my father, since his marriage, had never lived there, my grandmother, the much-revered Lady Rachel before-mentioned, having demurred as to the necessity of removal from the place she was used to. My gentle mother, therefore, had prevailed on him to occupy, in the meanwhile, what had been the jointure house on the property, a mile or two farther up the glen; and when, in the course of years, the castle became vacant, they had grown unwilling to leave this their humbler dwelling-place. They found, too, it would be cheaper to add to it than to repair the more chieftainly-looking residence. They therefore built two heavy square wings to the lowly centre, with what was called a back "jamb" for kitchens; walled in a bit of ground behind for a garden; set the barn, the poultry-house, the forge, and a laborer's hut or two, down in full view on one side; the stables and cow-sheds in an equally conspicuous situation on the other; with a duck-pond in front, and a sun-dial before the door, to watch over it; and the whole premises being at a most respectful distance from every appearance of a tree, it was altogether the only ugly spot in the neighborhood.

Within, the arrangements quite corresponded to the taste displayed without. I almost forget now how all the different rooms were connected; but I know that half the family lived on the ground-floor, the remainder up in the garrets, leaving the first floor entirely for company. My father and mother occupied a small parlor, with a sleeping-closet adjoining it, in one wing; my French governess and I had the same extent of accommodation in the other; the old but-and-ben were turned into rather a handsome entrance-hall, and what would have been really a fine dining-room, had the ceiling been higher. There was a good staircase too, leading up to a long, narrow drawing-room, and the bed-chambers for visitors. My four brothers, with their tutor and the servants, were all packed away in the garrets, as were the apples, the feathers, and the onions.

The furniture was for the most part plain enough. In the dining-room I remember neither curtains nor carpet; yet I think there must have been a bit of carpet, French fashion, round the long table. There was a sort of beaufet at the end of the room, well filled with plate and glass upon occasion; silver mugs, and jugs, and horns deeply tipped; a large waiter or two, and a couple of vases, with plenty of long-stalked, though very small glasses, some of them with spiral stems curiously embossed or fluted; and three different-sized real china punch-bowls, and a great quantity of small silver-edged horn ladles. My mother's parlor, where we always breakfasted when alone, had, in the winter, a

home-made carpet, diced black, yellow stuff curtains, and a high-backed couch. In a closet near the fire, she was in the habit of putting all such delicacies as she reserved for our private entertainment; or rather for hers and my father's, as we children seldom came in for more than the plainest fare. The mantel-piece was covered with snuff-boxes, of every sort of shape and value, amongst which were a few foreign shells. Over it hung, crossed, my father's two swords in dirty red bags. The drawing-room was more magnificent. The curtains were of silk, fringed the same as the bed-hangings and the curtains of the best bedroom, which opened out of it. The carpet, though not quite covering the room, was a purchased one, and handsome; the tall chairs, ranged in rows against the walls, were covered with my mother's own needle-work; the walls themselves were hung with family portraits—the Lady Rachel figuring there in dishevelled hair and a flame-colored gown; and on the mantel-piece was a large glass-case, filled with white paper flowers, manufactured by my French governess, who had also made a filagree basket, inlaid with what we children called sheep silver, gathered from the granite stones by me, her pupil. It stood on a small table near a harpsichord, opposite to a neat cabinet. There was also a round table, on which was set a tray of tea china—the cups hardly bigger than those of the doll sets of this age—made of the clear egg-shell china, and really used, at I have seen, in an afternoon by my mother and such lady guests as occasionally occupied the state bedroom. Tea was not at that time a daily luxury with us. As a meal, my mother never got reconciled to it; her own usual breakfast was soup, and wheaten bread baked on the girdle, with a very small glass of brandy after it. Meat, fish, wine, spirits, bread, milk, sometimes chocolate, were served before the guests. I think my father generally took porridge. The breakfast was late—so was the dinner; but my recollections of these very early days are confused, as I mixed but little with the company.

When alone, my mother's usual morning dress was a chintz bed-gown over a quilted petticoat, and on her head a square handkerchief of cambric, trimmed with lace, placed straight across her forehead, and pinned at the back beneath its extra drape, which, hanging down behind, formed a high ear on either side, something like the *coiffure* of the old Rochelle fisherwomen, or the prints of our Henry of Bolingbroke. By the middle of the day she was dressed in her dark silk full-skirted gown, or her Joseph of warm cloth in winter; a lace handkerchief or a thick shawl over her bosom, according to the season; her hair slightly powdered, and pulled oddly up from her forehead to the crown of her head, supporting a flat muslin cap, with a deep flapping frill, and long ends of ribbon dangling from it. In fuller dress there was more cap, and more lace, and more powder; and I remember once or twice a little hat, with puffs of ribbon and feathers; to honor which, her long diamond ear-rings were added, and a single string of pearls, or a black velvet band with a diamond clasp, fixed round her throat. Her brooch in full dress was my father's picture set in brilliants, altogether about the size of a modern card-case. She had one dress which I do not remember to have ever seen her wear, and which I have now beside me, among other venerable curiosities. The petticoat was white quilted satin, covered with a silver net, looped up by silver tassels; the gown was open,

edged with silver fringe, and composed of white watered lutestring, embroidered in silver. It was probably her wedding-dress, from the care that was taken of it. Her occupations were all quiet, for her health was indifferent; yet I always remember her as busy and cheerful. She rose early, gave her orders in the family, heard me read my "chapter," read herself for a short time in some serious book, took a turn in the garden, gathered herbs, prepared her confectionary, or her syrups, or her infusions—for she was both head cook and head apothecary—and then she worked chair covers, and stools, and rugs, like her great-grandchildren. She seldom moved from home; neither had she often ceremonious company to entertain; but a chance visitor was a very frequent occurrence, as my father's was a house where the passing guest was always welcome.

My father's time was less fully occupied, as in his day the care of property was a very simple matter. The little crofts, stolen from the thick birchwood that clustered upon every bank throughout the glen, were let in small patches to innumerable tenants, who paid their trifling rent in kind or labor—so many days' work, so much corn, so many peats, so much poultry: our own farm supplied the rest: and all the money he ever looked upon was what his large flock of sheep produced him. His pipe was therefore of some importance; he opened his red-flapped gold-laced waistcoat after dinner, reclined in one of those corner chairs with a low circular back, which presented its lozenge-set seat to the curious and antique comfort, and holding the long pipe lightly across the fingers of his beautiful hand, he indulged in a reverie no one ventured to disturb. I have him now before me—calm, serene, placidly enjoying the quiet he loved. His wig was short-tailed, slightly powdered, off his forehead, and the strings of stiffened hair that fell from it nearly reached his shoulders; the wide long-skirted coat possessed no collar, nor did the shirt; and the deep cuff of the coat-sleeve did not reach down within an inch or two of the full shirt-sleeve, which was finished by a double ruffle, that showed to much advantage the shape and color of his hand. I don't think he was handsome; there were no features of particular beauty, no expression but serenity; yet there are moments when my early-formed taste, shocked by the bustle of modern manners, has reverted with regret to the gentlemanly repose of my father.

He had two brothers, one of whom he had long lost sight of; for, by some strange accident, very uncommon in that age, he had gone in his youth with his regiment to India. The other, my uncle the captain—for, as a matter of course, he also had been a soldier—had seen some service in various parts of Europe; he had, however, retired early from his profession, owing to some disgust he had received in it, and he had lived for many years at a small farm not very distant from our own. The captain being a bachelor, passed much of his time at my father's; he had his long pipe too, and he sat at the opposite side of the fire to the laird, keeping him silent company. They were very unlike. The laird, negligent in air and in dress, seemed to play with his whiffs of tobacco; while it was quite a matter of business with the captain, who, stiff, erect, with plaited stock and ribboned queue, and short decisive manner, smoked in good earnest so many puffs to the minute.

My uncle's home was a mere cottage: a parlor

with the usual sleeping-closet adjoining it, a spare room for a friend, and the kitchen. Very scanty was the furniture, very few the servants, very simple the fare; but they suited both the habits and the finances of the captain, with the help of the laird's fireside. My brothers and I liked to visit the captain. Besides the bowl of broken milk, the cranberry jam, the cheese and thickly-buttered oatmeal bread his old housekeeper gave us, my uncle had stories of the wars which we were always glad to listen to—long histories of his few campaigns, tales of his dull or gay garrison life, frightful sea-storms he had encountered in his transports, and the usual degree of injustice his merits had been requited with. Over his fireplace hung a very martial array of swords, daggers, pistols, and carbines, with a military sash festooned around them. He had a small garden, in which, besides the common vegetables then cultivated, was a hedge of gooseberries never pruned—so full of hairy fruit, small of course, but so sweet, so highly-flavored, I would give all the gigantic insipidities of these gardening days for one Scotch pint of my uncle the captain's black gooseberries. He took some pride in them himself, and had particular pleasure in observing them to ripen by my mother's birthday—a gala-day duly celebrated. Our nearer relations, when they could be reached, were always invited to it, with many of their retainers, and all our own people, from every corner of the glen. There was a dinner in the long dining-room, and a dinner in the barn, which was afterwards cleared for dancing—gentle and simple meeting in perfect fellowship.

Upon this occasion the captain invariably wore his uniform. It was a little tight—for his regular habits, and his native air combined, had rather encouraged an inclination in his figure to rotundity—yet it suited him well; the long queue figuring almost as an upright, while his head was bending low before my mother, with whom the etiquette of years had established that he was to open the ball. The chapeau bras pressed tightly under one arm, the other was extended resolutely to touch with its single-fingered point the gently raised hand of his partner. Quietly and gracefully I remember my mother moving through the slow strathspey in her long, rich full gown, her stately head and diamond drops; while my uncle's busy feet—in the neatest of low-quartered shoes, where sparkled most brilliant buckles—worked merrily away in double time to the family "rant."

I had two aunts, both of them younger than my father, and both married long before I had any recollection of them. They were settled in different directions, each more than what was then a good day's journey from us. They had married well—lairds suited to such ladies. My uncles-in-law were "well connected and well descended," and for their means they had acres enough, whatever they made of them. One attribute of wealth they possessed in abundance—overwhelming families. My aunt Grace had latterly brought five sons and two daughters to the family gatherings—her stock; while my more discreet aunt Pennel selected for inspection only a few specimens from the eight or ten sturdy urchins that enlivened her home.

I wish I could call to mind more accurately the habits of those long past days; but, as will be seen, my connexion with this dearly-loved home of my childhood was early severed; and thus deprived of any assistance in recalling what has left

so few traces of what was once existing, my young memory proved faithless to many of its first impressions.

My brothers were studiously kept as much apart from me as possible: the only meal we shared together was dinner. It was my mother's wish that her daughter should be educated in advance of the age; and this she thought would be effected by in-door employments, instead of healthy-romping without. My governess had no delight in exercise. A French novel, her coffee, her embroidery—these were her recreations. She particularly disliked the tutor, who was too young for a lover, too unpolished for a companion. What he taught my brothers I never knew. They seemed to be mostly occupied in fishing, rowing, riding, and, in the proper season, shooting and deer-stalking. They certainly passed a few hours daily in their attics, when whatever studies they pursued there, must have been considerably entertaining, were we to have judged from the loud bursts of merriment which issued from their apartments. My mother sometimes ventured to remark, in her gentle way, that she doubted whether my brothers were making much progress. My father replied, in his, that the boys looked healthy, and seemed happy; and the captain added, that in the army a good constitution was of much more consequence to an officer than any amount of learning; so that matters proceeded with them as usual.

We had no neighbors: the wide moors on either hand were all my father's; the lake was broad enough to form a barrier between our retired glen and the more fully-inhabited opposite shore. We were therefore little disturbed by its population. A bridle road only led on some twenty miles to the military high-way, for which General Wade had to be venerated. We were therefore thrown upon ourselves for our occupations, and upon our humbler retainers for our general companions. They were not few: old servants, some still capable of their duties, others retired on trifling pensions to small turf-huts erected for them; old tenants of various degrees, from the humble tiller of a few acres, to the distant relation with a large farm, and perhaps the half-pay of a lieutenant in addition to it; and the young of all, with whom we habitually mixed—none of any rank ever for a moment losing sight of our relative positions; for there is an indescribable superiority of manner, I believe I may say of character, among the Highlanders as a people, which raises the humblest of them completely above the rank of modern peasantry. They were then quite unskilled in the ways of life beyond their mountains—unacquainted with any of the refinements of luxury, even with many of the arts necessary to decent comfort; full of old prejudices, bigoted to old habits, devoted to old attachments, not over-cleanly in house or person, idle, irritable, and upon some points impracticable. Yet there was a dignity of mind common to them—a self-possessed deportment, springing from their peculiar condition, which made them no unfit associates for the higher members of the clan with whom they felt themselves to be connected.

My father had a "grieve"—a Donald Dhu, or Black Donald—whose father, grandfather, and, for all I know, great-grandfather, had been grieves before him. He lived in one of the many dwellings close at hand, and his wife tended the cows and the poultry for my mother; in fact this wife—a pretty and a stirring woman—was the real

head of the whole establishment, for she had the most perfect control over Donald; Donald was all-powerful with my father; and my father's slightest wish was law to my mother. Donald and Eppie were careful creatures, honestly guiding their master's business as they would have done their own—badly enough, I believe, but to the best of their ability. They were far from being overworked; they had leisure time to fill our young heads with the grandeur of our ancestors, the pride of feeling requisite in our important station, and such other topics of feudal principle as suited the haughty spirit of the Highlanders. Towards nightfall of a winter afternoon my brothers and I, when we could escape from our respective superintendents, were happy to gather round Eppie's neatly-swept hearth, which she would render more cheerful by setting a small torch of bog-fir on a stone slab, left purposely for it in the chimney; and there she would entertain us not only with tales of the clans, or anecdotes of our own family, or stories of the late rebellion, but with legends of the goblin inhabitants of every spot of note in the country. Some of these long-descended superstitions were beautiful in their imagery, poetical in every sense, with generally a moral tendency even in the few instances of retributory horrors occasionally inserted among the lighter fictions. The Highland fairy is not a sanguinary avenging demon; there is nothing of the gloom of the Goth among the supernatural agents of our traditions, at least rarely so. Puck, with his frolic fun, is more akin to the mischievous revels of our fays and brownies, which, for the most part, rather aided than impeded the affairs of the race with which they were connected. I recollect, however, that when an Allister Mhore—literally Muckle Sandy, or the Big Shepherd, as his name had been translated for my mother's southron ignorance—joined our fireside party, the legends of men and fairies assumed a much more harrowing form. Allister's employment necessitating, for the greater part of the year, a solitary life, a gloom had crept over his mind. Following his flock up to the hollows among the bare hills, inhabiting for weeks his lonely bothie, or sleeping in his plaid beneath a stone, tracking the stragglers through the heath and forest, or to the silent corries near the rocks, he came to imagine voices in the storm, shapes in the mist, the graves of the murdered near every cairn, or the wail of the drowned by every torrent, and along the shores of the lonely lake. There was a very aged cowherd, or bowman, as in those days they named him—his office having, in olden times, obliged him to protect his cattle with a cloth-yard shaft—almost in his dotage from the weight of years, who had himself, in his youth, been spirited away to fairy-land; and though after a while restored to his lamenting relations, he had never thoroughly recovered from the effects of the spells then thrown round him. An ugly red shock-headed fox-hunter, a great ally of my elder brother's, had had his experiences of these deceptive associates—having danced a whole twelvemonth with them with a sack of meal upon his back, the cords supporting which had worn through the skin to the bone, from the weight he had borne on his shoulders through this long reel; for it was on Hogmanay night that he had been persuaded, by a little group of merry folk in green, to enter a bothie with them, and join their revels, he being on his way home at the time with this

provision for his family; and it was on Hogmanay again, a twelvemonth after, that, on the ending of the reel, he took his leave of his pleasant entertainers; without an offer of refreshment, however, which accounted for his spectre-like appearance on his return to mortal society. An old "Bell," too, had in her youth seen many wonders, and heard of more, so that our stores of such learning quickly accumulated; and though all these legends were in a manner discouraged in the parlor, my father and my mother, and even the captain, had each heard of one or two extraordinary facts, so strangely authenticated, that they confessed they hardly dared to doubt them—the mysteries of nature being acknowledged by them to be unfathomable. We fathomed them all by the help of our numerous humble acquaintance; for we knew all, each and all, by name and calling, and felt an interest in their fortunes fully reciprocated.

Several times a year my father collected his followers around him. On my mother's birthday there was always, as I have mentioned, a dinner and a ball; at harvest-home another; on Christmas-day—old Christmas-day, for in our glen we knew nothing about the new style—there was a ba'-playing in the morning, a supper and a dance at night; and in summer, in the clipping season, when every one was collected at the sheep-cote, high up towards the hills, this most serious business of the year was finished with perhaps the merriest of all his entertainments; for it was in the bright June weather, out in the fresh air, all that was beautiful in mountain scenery around us. These were happy times: at least I was a happy child, finding, like others of my age, amusement in the objects around me; and if there be truth in the importance of early impressions, receiving on a ductile imagination such as tended to nourish a wild poetry of feeling, which, like other human associations, was fruitful both of good and evil. Educated in our youth my brothers and I were not: to avoid such habits as were considered beneath the dignity of a son or daughter of our race, was the extent of our moral training. We had the example, too, of the naturally high-bred manner of our parents; and so far as these causes could influence tempers, ours were regulated. Our "princely" position taught us to know that on our affability depended the ease of all with whom we associated: neglect would have been painfully felt; any want of courtesy would have been looked on as unkindness. It was therefore of necessity that politeness grew with us; it was not condescending, impertinently-condescending politeness, neither was it haughty: it was simple. It was the noble, neither jealous of his rights, nor arrogant in their exercise towards the vassal, too secure in self-respect to refuse the homage due to his chieftain. My father was indeed the father of his clan. Accessible to all, interested in all, he was everything in every way to all his people. I have a pleasant recollection of my father, he was so thoroughly the gentleman. In his rude dwelling, with his simple habits, unlearned, unrefined, he was the head of an ancient race unmistakably.

I must not forget, among these sketches of the olden time, the minister, as his ballad lore made his company of some consequence in our quiet home. Yet there was little to mark him by: he was neither a rigid disciplinarian, nor a moving

preacher, nor a busy, meddling censurer of foibles he was himself exempt from. He was "just an honest man," as Miss Nelly, another affectionate friend of my childhood, described him; taken up with the care of his little glebe, and the value of his bolls of victual, and the decent bestowal of his only son, and of his several industrious daughters, in some suitable employments. The wife I don't at all remember; yet she was there, in the kirk on Sunday, at the manse when called on, and once or twice in the year at the house by invitation: still I cannot recollect her in the least. The minister I well remember—a short, rosy man, in his well-worn suit; the best maker of punch in the parish, and always the life of the company.

Miss Nelly was a distant relation; from what particular dell, or haugh, or mountain-side she came, I know not; neither am I clear as to whom among our numerous cousins she was descended from. The purpose for which she came to us was to "keep the keys," when my mother's increasing delicacy of health made the management of her family too great an exertion for her. Miss Nelly, though of good height, and what the Highlanders call handsome—that is, well-shaped—was far from being a beauty; indeed, her face was plain, without one good feature, a little pitted with the small-pox, and freckled; her complexion suiting the light sandy hair she wore unpowdered, neatly twisted round a high comb at the back, and kept in order by the snood, that was bound rather low on her forehead. But who that knew her worth ever thought about the beauty of Miss Nelly! She was like an abiding gleam of sunshine in the house, so gay, so active, so kind, so good; cheerfully, faithfully doing her own duty, encouraging rather than commanding all around her to do theirs. After her arrival, all had to bestir themselves; even Black Donald had to look about him, for the keen eye of Miss Nelly penetrated far and near. What churnings and yernings followed her care of the dairy; such baskets of eggs, such fat fowl, such well-reared calves, had never been seen about the place before; and how the wheels birred of an evening in the kitchen! Such webs of linen, and woollen, and linsey, as filled the old chests on the garret landing. In my mother's quiet reign, as much was not spun in a dozen years as Miss Nelly had off to the weaver, the result of one winter's labors. Yet the whole household liked her. Then she sang with a voice of such sweetness, and power too, when she chose to exert it, a few good merry songs and several plaintive ballads, as the "Ewe Bughts," which I well remember. But she shone in her Gaelic airs, the lilts known to the shepherds and the dairy-maids, and the boat-songs of the western isles. They were beautiful in themselves, most beautiful as she sang them. Then for family history she was as good as a chronicle. She had every incident of the rebellion off by heart, though she was only born as it burst forth; but she was christened with a white cockade on her cap, taken by Prince Charles from his own breast, and thus made his devoted adherent forever. She kept the precious relic in a box, almost her only valuable, and she sometimes allowed us to have a peep of it. She also showed us many places where his followers had found shelter in the glen, among the rocks and caves by the river side, and in the woods; and she took us often to the old tower, down near the lake, and pointed out the back window in the lower story out of which my grandmother, the

Lady Rachel, used to sally with her confidential maids to carry provision to their hiding-places.

It is like a dream to me now these recollections of my childhood. The world we live in is so unlike this time long past. I often think of it to sadness, for the marked character of the scenery and the people made impressions never to be removed from a partaker in all the associations of a chieftain's state. We were rude in those distant Highlands, for we were removed from the course of civilization, which was even then polishing away the peculiarities of distinctive races; and we were proud, for we had never seen our superiors, and we had but little intercourse with our equals. Have we gained by the change of habits which the progress of "improvement" has produced? I am too old to feel myself sufficiently unprejudiced to answer this wide-spreading question. I have undertaken to give my grandchildren my impressions of their Highland ancestry, and I will leave to them the comments on my simple facts.

From Chambers' Journal.

SUMMARY OF SAVINGS' BANKS.

A SUMMARY of the collective accounts of the savings' banks distributed over Great Britain and Ireland, has recently been drawn up and published by Mr. John Tidd Pratt, the barrister appointed to certify the rules of friendly societies and savings' banks. The account is closed to the 20th of November, 1844, and presents data for reflections and deductions of an extremely gratifying and interesting character.

It would be rash to conclude that the amount of deposits in these provident institutions is an indication of universal prosperity; because two sections of the community do not share in their advantages—namely, those who are too poor to have money to save, and those who, being too rich, make use of banks of higher pretensions. There is, however, a third section of the nation—happily far from a small one—consisting of frugal and industrious individuals in the humbler ranks of society, who may be designated the savings'-bank class. They are the working part of the community—its sinews; and, in so eminently-productive and manufacturing a country as ours, unquestionably the most important part of the nation. The inference, therefore, is as inevitable as it is pleasing, that the larger the capital in savings' banks, the more healthy the condition of the nation at large. Keeping these considerations in view, all must be gratified to learn that at the end of the year 1844, the deposits in the 577 savings' banks existing in the three kingdoms amounted to the amazing sum of £31,275,636, accruing from 1,012,475 separate accounts;* the average amount of each account being £27, 18s. Since 1844, twelve additional savings' banks have been established—a circumstance which leads to the anticipation that, when the 1845 account comes to be made up, it will be found greatly to exceed its immediate predecessor.

* The number of depositors greatly exceeds the number of accounts, inasmuch as 10,631 of the latter are those of friendly societies, each made up of at least twenty times the number of members. It may therefore be reasonably computed, that the number of persons in immediate and indirect communication with savings' banks—including the workmen in various manufactories who club together a single account—is not much under one million and a half.

By the rules of regularly-appointed savings' banks, no depositor can invest more than £30 in any one year, ending on the 20th November; nor more than £150 altogether. Should the maximum sum be permitted to lie and accumulate at interest, no interest is allowed after it has risen to £200. The rate of interest payable to the trustees and managers by the government is £3, 5s. per cent., whilst that payable to depositors must not exceed £3, 0s. 10d. per cent. per annum. The difference in these rates of interest provides a fund for office expenses.*

When we look into the particulars of the summary, we find a few facts which speak for themselves, and others which admit of interesting comment. To begin with England:—At the end of 1844 it had 445 banks, in which 813,601 single depositors had placed £23,469,371. More than half of them (namely, 461,195) were creditors for sums not exceeding £20. Besides individuals, 18,689 friendly and charitable societies had placed in the English savings' banks £1,643,494; so that the total of accounts was 832,290, and of deposits £25,112,865. Taking these facts as data for England, we find that, contrary to general expectation, the English are more provident than their neighbors; for, as the single depositors amount to 813,601, out of a population of more than fifteen millions, it follows that one individual out of 18½ was in 1844 a savings' bank depositor. The average amount of each deposit was £28.

In turning to Scotland, it is natural to expect evidences of that frugality for which the people of the north are celebrated brought out by the savings' bank returns. But the very reverse is the fact. In Scotland, (population in 1841 about 2,600,000,) there were, at the end of the savings' bank year, thirty-six savings' banks, containing £966,149, arising from 68,791 single depositors, three fourths—namely, 52,442—of whose accounts were for sums not exceeding £20; whilst 1033 charitable and friendly societies were creditors to the amount of £77,034 more, making a total of 69,824, and £1,043,183 sterling. Thus we find that only one person in about every 38½ was in 1844 a depositor; whilst the average amount of each deposit, as well as the proportionate number of depositors to the gross population, was half that of England; being only £14. These figures might be apt, without explanation, to overturn the current notions of the frugality and hoarding habits of the Scotch. The fact is, that the excellence and general efficiency of the local banking-system of Scotland offers so many advantages to persons possessing small accumulations, that it draws away the better class of depositors from the savings' banks. A small tradesman will, for example, go on making use of the latter till he has accumulated from £10 to £20, and then withdraw it to establish a credit at a bank of issue. Although such banks allow him about one per cent. less interest than the savings' banks, yet his capital in their hands is more current and pliable; he can draw and pay in when it suits him; he can get accommodation in loans and discounts; and, in short, render his little stock of cash of infinitely more use, and therefore of more value to him, than if it were locked up in a savings' bank. For these reasons, the line which separates the savings' bank class from that which deals with issue banks, must be

* The last of the acts of parliament by which savings' banks are regulated, was passed in August, 1844. It is the 7th and 8th of Victoria, cap. 83.

drawn much lower in reference to Scotland than in England, and we must expect it to cut off a vast proportion of the more affluent amongst the savings' bank depositors. And thus it happens that, while in England not much above half the depositors before referred to were in possession of sums not exceeding £20, the proportion of that rate of depositors to the whole of the savings' banks contributors was in Scotland above three fourths.

In Wales, there were, at the period so often referred to, 18,007 single depositors, whose accounts united to make up £518,348; and adding 683 friendly and charitable societies' deposits, which came to £81,448, there was a total in Wales of 18,690 accounts, and £599,796. The Welsh, who have no superior facilities of general banking, or perceptible cause to remove them from the rule we have laid down, appear to be either poorer or less provident than the English; for, out of their population of about 911,000, they had only 18,007 depositors; and it follows that, according to this calculation, one person in fifty only contributes to the twenty-three savings' banks distributed over the principality.

Ireland, when brought to this test, bears out its unfortunate character for poverty and improvidence; for in it only one individual in about 904 had dealings with the savings' banks (of which there were 73) in 1844; there having been 90,144 single depositors to a population of more than eight millions. Their united capital was £2,685,698; to which, when we add 1099 societies, with a deposited capital of £63,319, we obtain a total for Ireland of 91,243 accounts, and £2,749,017 in deposits. The average of each deposit was £29. The proportion of persons whose savings did not exceed £20, was below that of the others we have instanced, being less than half, or 41,546.

In regarding the savings' banks of Great Britain and Ireland through the medium of Mr. Pratt's comprehensive summary, one of the most interesting points of view from which to observe them, is in reference to their local situation. The topography of savings' banks forms a study, by which we arrive at a knowledge of the comparative providence of people in various localities. We naturally turn to the English manufacturing districts to seek for the most extensive employment of these institutions. Though not the largest, the most populous county in England is Lancashire; and here we find that, to a population (in 1841) of 1,667,064, there are 67,159 accounts in thirty-five banks, (only one less than all Scotland can boast of,) yielding £2,150,766, making an average of £30 for each account. Yorkshire presents a more flourishing state of things; for although the population is lower in number than that of Lancashire, (having, in 1841, been 1,591,584,) the savings' banks accounts were larger in 1844. They stand thus:—35 banks, 71,114 accounts, and £2,256,843 sterling. Warwickshire, which, though it includes Birmingham, is partly an agricultural county, had, with a population of 402,121, seven savings' banks, and 21,684 accounts, from which an accumulation arose of £502,389. The amount of deposits in the great commercial and manufacturing towns was as follows:—Manchester, the highest in the empire, £568,313; Liverpool, £474,452; Newcastle, £264,077; Leeds, £262,908; Birmingham, £250,080; Sheffield, £182,838. In Staffordshire, the seat of the pottery trade, (population 510,206,) there were £520,470 accumulated from 15,953 accounts.

The mining districts make a very respectable show in this summary for 1844. Cornwall, with its 341,269 inhabitants, had ten savings' banks, and 13,167 accounts, amounting to £525,922. In Cumberland, (population 177,912,) there were seven establishments, 7638 accounts, and £219,457. Durham had 7467 accounts, and an accumulation of £209,988, to a population of 324,277. Northumberland, with a population of 250,268, contained seven banks, holding 13,114 accounts, and £477,476 in deposits.

Amongst the agricultural and sea-board districts, Devonshire appears to stand foremost for thrift, in reference to dealings with the banks for savings, even when we consider its large population. Plymouth, including Devonport and its dockyard, had, in four banks, 15,962 open accounts, the total of which was £565,999. In the quiet city of Exeter, the surprising sum of one million three thousand pounds had found its way into one bank!

In Scotland, the greatest amount of wealth, and perhaps of prudence, appears to prevail in the capital. In the three savings' banks (two in Edinburgh, and one in Leith,) 23,479 accounts remained open in November 1844, amounting to £350,197. The other savings' bank in this county is in Dalkeith, which quiet little place contributed 668 accounts, and £5356 deposits to its bank. In Glasgow, with a vast excess of population over Edinburgh and Leith, there were only 20,118 accounts, and £322,144.

The highest accounts in Ireland are those made up in the north, over which a large proportion of prudent Scotch blood is diffused. Antrim contains three savings' banks, which do business with 6209 depositors, and hold £131,993. The population of the county is 276,188. The noisy county of Tipperary, in the south, with double the population, has only 3567 accounts, and £116,000, in five savings' banks. In the city of Dublin there are two banks, containing £568,947, belonging to 23,542 depositors.

Few materials for considering savings' banks, with reference to the occupations of depositors exist. Those, however, to which we have had access, prove that the most frequent depositors are domestic servants; next come clerks, shopmen, and porters; after them operatives; and last of all persons employed in agriculture. One class much in need of saving habits, have recently been afforded the opportunity of putting by the very small spare sums they may have; we mean soldiers. By a warrant issued in October, 1843, regimental banks for savings were established. They have succeeded beyond expectation. From the date of their commencement to the 31st March, 1844, (scarcely six months,) there had been £15,069, 3s. 2d., placed at interest by 1890 depositors.

Besides the banks to which we have referred, a few are set on foot by individuals—chiefly with the aim of encouraging prudent habits amongst such poor people as they happen to possess any influence over. These are private concerns, not in communication with the authorities, and from which, consequently, no official accounts can be obtained. Though existing in England and Scotland, they abound most in Ireland. While giving the originators of these concerns credit for the best intentions, we must lament that they should keep aloof from the great national system; thus depriving depositors of the broad security which that system offers, and also contributing to defeat an

important end—the realization of exact statistics as to general savings. In some instances, there is reason to believe these private savings' banks are illegal, in consequence of not having their rules certified by the author of the summary before us. For various considerations, we earnestly press on the managers of these concerns the necessity and propriety of uniting them with the national system.

From Chambers' Journal.

AUTHORCRAFT.

SIR LYTTON BULWER thus speaks of authors by profession, in his generous biography of Laman Blanchard, lately published:—"For the author there is nothing but his pen, till that and life are worn to the stump; and then, with good fortune, perhaps on his beath-bed he receives a pension—and equals, it may be, for a few months, the income of a retired butler! And so, on the sudden loss of the situation in which he had frittered away his higher and more delicate genius, in all the drudgery that a party exacts from its defender of the press, Laman Blanchard was thrown again upon the world, to shift as he might, and subsist as he could. His practice in periodical writing was now considerable; his versatility was extreme. He was marked by publishers and editors as a useful contributor, and so his livelihood was secure. From a variety of sources thus he contrived, by constant waste of intellect and strength, to eke out his income, and insinuate rather than force his place amongst his contemporary penmen. And uncomplainingly, and with patient industry, he toiled on, seeming farther and farther off from the happy leisure in which 'the something to verify promise was to be completed.' No time had he for profound reading, for lengthened works, for the mature development of the conceptions of a charming fancy. He had given hostages to fortune. He had a wife and four children, and no income but that which he made from week to week. The grist must be ground, and the wheel revolve. All the struggle, all the toils, all the weariness of brain, nerve, and head, which a man undergoes in this career, are imperceptible even to his friends—almost to himself: he has no time to be ill, to be fatigued; his spirit has no holiday; it is all school-work. And thus, generally, we find in such men that the break-up of the constitution seems sudden and unlooked-for. The causes of disease and decay have been long laid; but they are smothered beneath the lively appearances of constrained industry and forced excitement."

We believe this to be, in the main, a true picture of the life of one who makes literature his profession in London, a few brilliant cases excepted. It is nevertheless true that successful authorship is a recognized means of advancing men in the world, and that there really is a considerable number of persons who, by their pens, and what their pens have done for them in political and social life, occupy enviable positions. While such is the case, there always will be many toiling with little success, as there are in other professions. It is also true that the profession of literature shows us many who have come into it on account of narrow circumstances, and who would be poor although they had never become men of letters at all. We thoroughly believe, however, that the great cause of the personal disasters which we hear of in connexion with the names of literary men, is their being

contented to live in the manner of the great bulk of the industrious classes—making the daily effort supply the daily bread, and never providing against the contingencies which embarrass, impoverish, and lead to misery. In a struggling world like this, they have no chance, unless they can make themselves in some measure propertied men. Could they but retain one productive copyright, or keep a little reserve-fund at the banker's, their independence would be comparatively secured. They could choose their task and their task-masters. They might even come to be the employers of publishers—their natural position—instead of the slaves of that trade, which is the prevalent, and, as we hold, the false one. Were this the case, we should hear but little of the woes attendant on authorcraft.

"It is impossible," cries some one; "authors begin poor, and never can they emancipate themselves from that state." We deny the impossibility. Means have been reserved and stored in far less favorable circumstances; and were there a true will, there would soon be a way. We fear that here lies the real evil. Literary men appear to hug their poverty as a kind of honorable badge of the spirituality of their trade. The common tone amongst them is contemptuous towards the prudential virtues which other men see to be the sure basis of so many others. The very supposition that poverty and literature are necessarily connected, must tend to establish the connexion, and make it indissoluble. We can imagine nothing more contemptible than a whining submission to such an adage.

One example, however, of respectable authorship rising above poverty, is worth pages of discourse upon the subject; and we therefore conclude with a notice which lately appeared in the *Sun* newspaper respecting the celebrated Peter Parley:—

"Fancy a pretty and picturesque suburb of a large city, and that in this village there is one of the most charming cottages in the world, shadowed by graceful American elms, and surrounded by *elanthus*, chestnut, and dogwood trees. Enter the door, around the trellis-work of whose portico luxuriant creepers twine, and you will find yourselves, after passing through an entrance-hall, in an apartment, every article of furniture in which, whether for use or ornament, displays the perfect taste of its owner. Pictures by the best English, European, and American masters, adorn the walls, and articles of *vertu* are scattered about in various parts of the room. From the windows we have a charming view of the surrounding country. A way to the right rises the capitol-crowned city of Boston. A hot summer day, even so far north as Boston, is no joke; and that it is unusually warm, is proved by a green and golden humming-bird, which (a rare thing in the neighborhood) is busy in the bell of a trumpet-vine just outside of the window.

"'Will you walk into the library, sir?' says a servant; and, following her, we were ushered into a small room, adorned with

'Statues, books, and pictures fair;'

and a gentleman cordially welcomes us. It is Peter Parley himself—the beloved of boys, and the glory of girls. He is tall, and rather slightly made: for a moment he has laid aside a large pair of smoked-glass spectacles, and we observe that he has a pair of very bright, small, intellectual eyes, and soft and kindly in their expression. I had imagined

him an elderly, bald-headed, venerable-looking man: he was quite the reverse of the picture of him which I had hung up in my own private and particular image-chamber. Over a beautifully-shaped head grew short, crisp, curly, dark hair, and his features were rather more youthful in cast than might be supposed in those belonging to a man of some half-a-century old—for that I take to be about his age. He was about the best-dressed man I had met in America; and the whole appearance and bearing of Peter Parley was that of the perfect and high-bred gentleman. Of his mental qualifications, which are not, as they ought to be, appreciated in this country, I shall speak presently.

"Peter Parley's real name is Samuel Griswold Goodrich. He is the son of a clergyman of Connecticut—a state which has sent forth more literary men than any other in America. Mr. Goodrich was educated in the common school of his native home; and soon after attaining the age of twenty-one, he became engaged in the business of publishing at Hartford, where he resided for several years. In the year 1824, he was compelled by ill health to travel, and he visited Europe, and travelled over England, France, Germany, and Holland, devoting his attention particularly to the institutions for education; and on his return, having determined to attempt an improvement in books for the young, established himself in Boston, and commenced the trade, or profession, as it is more genteelly called, of authorship. Since that time he has produced some thirty and odd volumes under the signature of 'Peter Parley,' which have passed through a great number of editions in America and in this country, and many of them have been translated into foreign languages. Mr. Goodrich informed me that a friend of his had actually met with one of his books 'done' into Persian; and I have seen a Constantinople edition of one of the earliest of the 'Parley' series.

"Of some of these works, more than 50,000 copies are circulated annually. In 1824 Mr. Goodrich published 'The Token,' the first annual which ever appeared in America; and for fourteen years he continued to edit it, during which time he contributed most of the poems of which he is known to be the author. His 'Fireside Education' was composed in sixty days, whilst he was discharging his duties as a member of the Massachusetts senate, and superintending his publishing establishment.

"He told me, in the course of a conversation, that he had adopted the name of 'Peter Parley,' as he wished the tales he told children to be related by a gossiping old gentleman, who could talk and 'parley' with them. 'When I first used it, I little thought,' said he, 'that before long it would be better known than my own.'

"During the disastrous panic which occurred some years ago in the American money-market, Mr. Goodrich, in common with hundreds of others, was a sufferer to a very serious extent. Previously to the calamity he had built himself a beautiful mansion at Roxbury, near Boston, and near it a lodge of very elegant design. Here he had fondly hoped to spend the evening of his days in the enjoyment of competence, and even of affluence. But the crash came; and one dreary day Peter Parley, after all his hard work, found himself stripped of

every dollar; and, instead of being independent in circumstances, ten thousand dollars in debt. But he was not the man to despair; and, acting upon the principles of perseverance and industry he had so often inculcated, he 'never gave up,' but set his shoulders once more to the wheel, and, with a willing heart and cheerful hope, commenced life anew. He was not so young as when he first wrote books; but the mine was yet inexhausted; his arm was still vigorous, and he recommenced working in the veins of knowledge. He was a prudent man, and so he sold his large house, and, with his accomplished wife and young family, removed to the lodge, which his taste soon converted into a charming home; 'and,' said Mrs. Goodrich to me, when I visited them a few months ago, 'we are just as happy as we were there.' Day and night toiled Peter Parley, flinging off book after book with unexampled rapidity, until fortune smiled on her patient wooer, and partially restored him that of which chance had deprived him. Still he is toiling for the children, and, I am happy to say, not without earning his just wages.

"Mr. Goodrich's eyesight obliges him to seek the aid of his wife's pen; and it is not impossible that a certain indescribable charm which pervades Peter's later works may be ascribed to this circumstance."

Talk with interest of a literary life spent in garrets and prisons! How infinitely more interesting this picture of prudential authorship, practised amidst the unostentatious comforts which make a rational man's sufficiency!

THE RAGE FOR CROMWELL.—We shall now probably have a rage for Cromwell, to last some time, as a make-up for the injustice with which his memory has been treated during the past two centuries. Mr. Carlyle has set the fashion, and already Cromwell ribbons are sported at many inferior lapels. No one can now be suffered to say a word against this celebrated personage, under pain of an imputation of Dryasdustism, flunkeyism, and many other *isms* terrible to weak brains. What perfect folly, nevertheless, is all this! The man who slaughtered thousands of defenceless people, in order to terrify a nation into submission—a very pretty example, truly, of the principle of "doing evil that good might follow"—who, finding parliaments troublesome, made his council ordinances pass as laws—who, having overthrown a monarchy, professedly for the benefit of the people, was not unwilling to take the crown to himself and his own family—this man to be an object of undivided worship! Surely nothing but the hatred of something else could make men love Cromwell so much—like Hazlitt lauding Napoleon because he was so detested by the legitimatists. What on earth is there to object to it in the good old plan of viewing a human being's errors in connexion with his glories—mixing his shades with his lights. Why should we not see and acknowledge that Cromwell was only one of the class of warrior tyrants, although comparatively a well-meaning one. Surely nothing but a ridiculous truckling dread of that to which he stood in opposition, could dictate an exclusivism of panegyric so utterly absurd.—*Chambers' Journal*.